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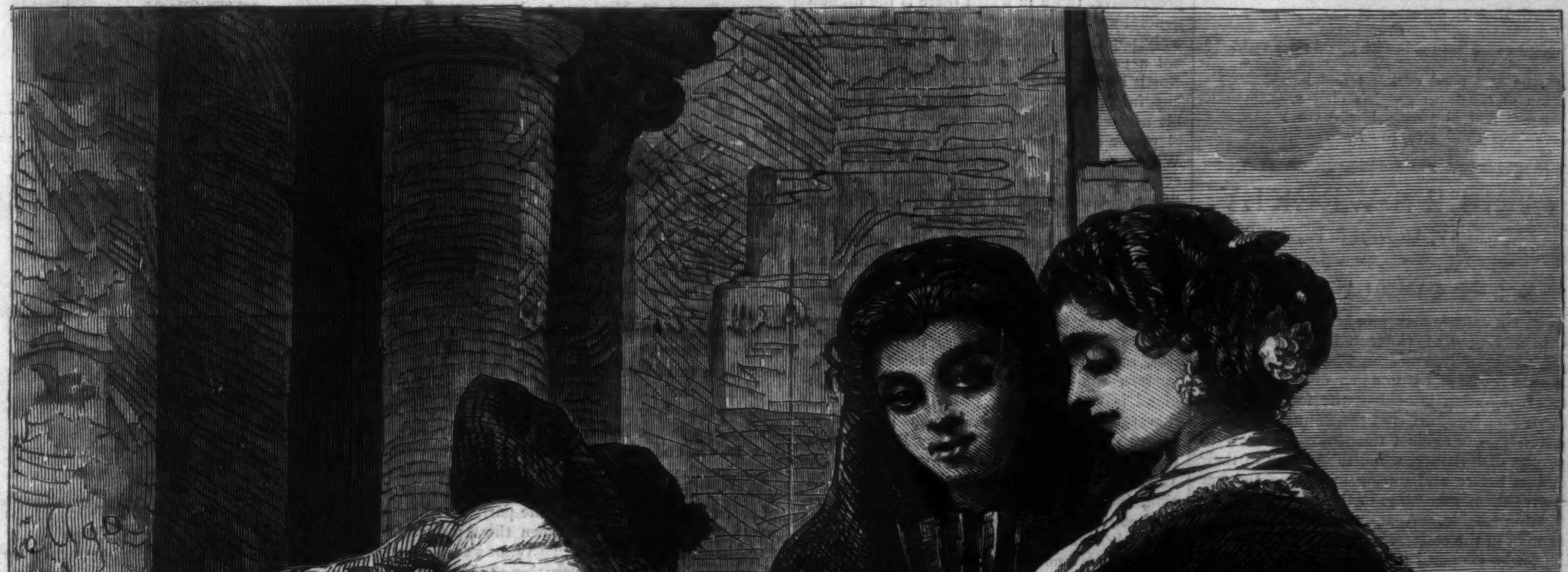
THE WATER DRINKERS.

THE scene here represented is one familiar to all who have traveled in Spain. "Agua fresca, agua fresca, quien quiere agua fresca!" such is the cry we may hear sonorously shouted in the plaza at the corner of the old palace, the porch of which affords a grateful shade, while the hot, burning sun of Spain glows again on the white walls and gray roofs of the old tumble-down square, with its quaint and grateful fountain in the centre splashing a sense of coolness around. No one who has not experienced what summer is in scorched-up Spain can conceive the delight of a deep draught of pure, icy-cold water, such as one gets from CHARLES V.'s well in the Alhambra, for instance. This and a water-melon are the two great luxuries of life in Andalusia. Here we see two Iberian maidens, of almost Moorish hue, in black mantilla and richly-worked shawl, fan in hand, who have probably just returned from mass in the neighboring church. They and the water-carrier are full of character, and thoroughly Spanish. Equally so are the inscriptions we read on the wall—"Una vasa de agua es mejor del vino malo," and "Viva libertad y indipendenza!" Liberty and water are, in truth, the two national aspirations of thirsty and enslaved Spain. As a work of art this is one of PHILLIP's most delightful pictures, boldly drawn, well grouped, and painted with an impasto and boldness such as no other painter of his school could approach.

THE INDIAN WAR.

GENERAL SHERIDAN writes to a friend in this city that the Indians began their present depredations in order to force the agents to give them further presents and more money, making us, in accordance with our old time Indian policy, purchase a peace. But the policy of Generals SHERMAN and SHERIDAN is not that of the old Indian agents and speculative traders; it is rather that of the actual settlers, and it means extermination or removal. The war now inaugurated will doubtless end in the complete subjugation of the Indian tribes. If General SHERMAN does not render them forever powerless for evil he will disprove much of the character he gained during the late war as a thorough soldier, and if General SHERIDAN does not vigorously pursue and punish those in the field he is not the active soldier we have always supposed him.

We publish on page 653 an illustration of one



THE WATER DRINKERS IN SPAIN.—[DRAWN BY JOHN PHILLIP, R.A.]

of the attacks of Indians on a wagon-train. Our artist, writing from near Council Grove, Kansas, says the sketch of the fight at Sheridan was made immediately after its conclusion, he having been a participant in the fight. He adds:

> On the morning of the 16th September firing was heard in the direction of the Buttes about a mile and a half from Sheridan. The alarm was immediately given and every one turned out, no man waiting for his neighbor. It was found that part of a Mexican bull-train which had been cut off the preceding night had been attacked a second time. Two men were already dead and one scalped. The party from the town arrived in time to save the scalp of the second one; both, however, were much mutilated. Nearly all the cattle were either killed or wounded. After a short skirmish the Indians retreated without loss Being mounted they escaped pursuit. During the night they returned and carried off some of the meat of the cattle which had been killed.

THE LOST CAUSE.

When at the last the war was done,
They owned that lost for which they fought;
But is the blood and treasure naught
By which the victory was won?

If so, then those ensanguined years
Brought in their crimsoned wake no gain,
But only sharpened thrusts of pain,
And grief let loose in scalding tears.

If so, because the sword was drawn
We fought, and not for Right assailed;
As well the traitor had not quailed,
Nor victory brought at last the Dawn.

See, now, the banners that they fly
Are those that Treason's gory hand
Uplifted; and across the land
Rings still the same old battle-cry.

And shall the Lost Cause be regained?
Shall Wrong, defeated in the fight,
Be yet triumphant over Right
Though countless fields with blood were stained?

Oh, true and tried of heart and hand!
Man of the loyal people's choice,
In you and in your soldiers' voice
Abides the Future of the land.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, October 10, 1868.

THE CAMILLA RIOT.

It is not easy to ascertain accurately the facts in any case of violence in the late rebel States. Usually, however, when it is a conflict between rebels and Union men of any color, the fair presumption is against the former. The Union men, knowing that the feeling of the old master-class is against them, are not likely to provoke disturbance, while the history of their conduct before and during and since the war relieves them, generally, of the suspicion of instigating trouble. Again, there is not a reflecting man in the country who is familiar with the facts, who supposes that if the colored population in the Southern States were treated with fairness it would be troublesome or vindictive. While there is certainly not a man of common manhood who supposes that any class of men will allow itself to be thrust back into a cruel bondage, from which it has just been delivered, without a struggle. If, therefore, we hear of riots and bloodshed arising from the condition of society in the Southern States, we may be very sure that the final cause is the unjust attempt of one part of the population politically and socially to subjugate another.

A fortnight ago Colonel Pierce, Republican candidate for Congress in the second district of Georgia, and Captain Murphy, one of the Republican candidates for Elector, went with a party of political friends to hold a meeting at Camilla. They were met at some distance from the town by the Sheriff and some of the citizens, who requested them to retire, as the people of Camilla wished to hear no Radical speaking. The party declined, and moving on, entered the town, where they were presently attacked. Both Pierce and Murphy were wounded, and many of their friends were killed. The Sheriff says that he asked them only to lay aside their weapons. But it does not appear that they were unusually armed, while the attack shows the townspeople to have been fully armed. This request, therefore, was, that a party of unarmed Republicans, many of whom were colored, would take the risk of holding a meeting in a rebel town and among armed rebels. Now it may be the fate of Union men to be summarily shot in Georgia for the crime of holding political meetings. But it is really extravagant to ask them to submit to slaughter without even a form of remonstrance.

The question upon reading this statement is, whether it was probable that the intention of the party was, as the Associated Press dispatch avers, "to overawe" the citizens of Camilla? Had not Colonel Pierce and Captain Murphy a right to hold a political meeting any where in their district? If some of their friends were armed, has there ever been a political meeting in exciting times in that part of the country where a large part of those present were not armed? Has the conduct of their opponents been such as to show the Republicans that it is not necessary to defend themselves? Have not Wade Hampton and his associates every where invited the Democrats to organize against colored Union men and starve them if they will not support Seymour? Has not the Georgia Legislature expelled the colored members? Are not colored men thrust from the jury box? Are not the black codes the living witnesses of the feeling of their political opponents?

Governor Bullock has done what he can to protect loyal men in Georgia, but the Democratic majority left in the Legislature by the expulsion of Union men has thwarted his efforts. These are the fruits of the green tree. If Seymour and Blair should be elected, what a fearful tragedy must not every where follow in the Southern States! If while Seymour is a candidate merely there is such confusion, must not his election produce chaos in that distempered section? General Schofield has ordered General Meade to return and to keep the peace in Georgia. He will investigate the facts of the Camilla riot. But we imagine they are already substantially known and understood. Once more, we say, let all sensible men decide whether the election of Seymour and Blair is the road to peace.

THE SPANISH REVOLUTION.

Insurrection in Spain is as inevitable as discontent in Ireland. The necessity of modern government is justice; and whatever be the true theory of suffrage, whether it be a right or a trust, experience shows that in states where the suffrage is most general, justice is surest. The most disturbed political communities in our Union are those in which aristocratic government has prevailed; the most peaceful and progressive, those in which there is the highest general welfare, are those which have been most truly popular. Universal suffrage is certainly not a panacea for the ills of human society. But it seems to be the precedent condition of hopeful progress. Intelligence is indispensably necessary to good government; but political power is the great incentive to education. Where every body votes it is the interest of every man that his neighbor should be intelligent. On the other hand, an unintelligent community will not select enlightened governors; but if the governors appoint themselves, all experience again shows that they will abuse their power.

This is the result of aristocratic rule every where. We see its consequences in the present revolution in Spain, and in the Camilla riot, and in Fenianism. Its most appalling modern illustration was our late war. England is engaged in a peaceful contest with this spirit; and the revolution in England moves so rapidly that the Tory Prime Minister can hold his place only by outdaring the Liberals. He makes his stand in this election, indeed, upon maintaining the ecclesiastical situation in Ireland. But he would be instantly shorn of his strength if his previous conduct were not an assurance of rapid change in the Irish policy. If Disraeli should be sustained in the election he would be obliged to present some reform policy for Ireland. The most intelligent of the English Liberals believe that the great changes in that country will be peacefully accomplished. But there is no Englishmen so dull as to believe that those changes can be averted. And as long as Disraeli acts as he has hitherto acted, he is in no sense a Tory minister. He receives his policy from Parliament, renouncing his own if Parliament dissents. This changes the form but not the essence of the British Government, for it still leaves Parliament supreme.

The politics of Spain during the reign of the present Queen, who came to the throne in 1833, is a contest mainly between a more or less despotic party. Narvaez was the chief of what may be called the Tories or Absolutists, and O'Donnell of the Whigs or Liberals. The Tory party has generally been dominant, and the true Liberals, or third party, looking to a popular government, has been dormant, except when it tried a revolution, which was generally summarily repressed. The Tory and Whig leaders are now dead, and a Liberal revolution has broken out under the most favorable auspices. Gonzalez Bravo, the Chief Minister, has resigned, and Concha, a moderate Liberal, has succeeded him. But the revolutionists, of whom General Prim is the most noted leader, have declared for the overthrow of the monarchy and for Espartero, formerly Regent, and a Liberal. He is now seventy-six years old, but his name is a popular cry, and connects the revolution with the previous régime.

Before the French Revolution of 1848 the Duke de Montpensier, a son of King Louis Philippe of France, married Queen Isabella's sister. This event was the occasion of the Spanish marriage question, which was considered to be very important. But after Louis Philippe left Paris and history under a large umbrella it was not thought to be so important. The Duke is now understood to have arrived in Spain to wait upon Providence. But the revolution is not likely to be satisfied with exchanging one daughter of Ferdinand VII. for another with a French husband. If it succeeds it will doubtless appeal to a popular vote, and we shall see a Constituent Assembly in Spain. Nor is any power in Europe likely to interfere, and undertake a crusade against revolutionary Spain as the Great Powers did against revolutionary France at the end of the last century. If Isabella abdicates no Burke will sigh for the vanished age of chivalry, nor fear that the foundations of human society are crumbling because a corrupt tyranny is overthrown. But, whether this movement succeeds or not, the revolution in Spain is permanent. It will continue until the government is harmonized with the welfare of the people.

GENERAL DIX FOR GENERAL GRANT.

The letter of General Dix strongly advocating the election of General Grant, and stating his reasons for opposing Mr. Seymour, is not only very good in itself, but it is very significant. The Seymour papers sneer at it as the snarl of a disappointed man. But that does not touch the point. Granting it to be so, for the argument, what then? Why is he disappointed? Certainly General Dix's career as a Democrat is much more conspicuous and brilliant than Mr. Seymour's. He has been Senator in Congress, Secretary of the Treasury, and Minister to France. He is a gentleman of capacity, of scholarly accomplishment, of very great experience in public affairs, of unspotted reputation, and of national distinction. It is said that he is disappointed because he was not nominated by the Democrats for the Presidency. Very well, being a much more eminent and able man than Mr. Seymour, and universally known to his party, why was he not nominated?

For precisely the same reason that he was not confirmed as Minister to France twenty years ago, when his party controlled the Senate and the policy of the Government. Because he was not a tool of the aristocratic slave power; because he had been opposed to the annexation of Texas for the benefit of that power; and because he had said that slavery should be confined to its domain by a cordon of free States, and forced, like the scorpion girt with fire, to sting itself to death. General Dix, although a Democrat, had shown some emotion of humanity, some sense of justice, some regard for national honor. But from the moment that this appeared his "Democracy" was not sound. "Sound Democracy" was unswerving subservience to the slave-holding aristocracy. Franklin Pierce's was the true article; so was Horatio Seymour's. They sneezed when Senator Butler of South Carolina took snuff.

When the slaveholders rose in rebellion against the Government, "sound Democracy" was shown in the letter of Pierce to Jefferson Davis and the speeches of Seymour, denouncing the war and discrediting the Government. But General Dix surrendered all hope of preferment by the Democratic party when he wrote, "If any man haul down the American flag, shoot him on the spot!" What was Wade Hampton doing but that very thing? What was Horatio Seymour doing but encouraging him? And when both were baffled, and Wade Hampton returned to the command of the Democratic party, of course he rewards Seymour, and General Dix has as much chance of the nomination as Charles Sumner.

If, then, General Dix be a disappointed man, it is because he has not understood his party. What right had he to suppose, from any thing the Democratic party has ever said or done, that hostility to slavery and distinguished service for the Government against the rebellion were claims upon its favor? Who were the managers of that party during the war? Who was the President of its National Convention in 1864, and what did that Convention declare? Who controlled its late Convention? Vallandigham directed its financial policy, and Wade Hampton its policy of reconstruction. It nominated Horatio Seymour, who declared that the success of the Government would be as revolutionary as that of the rebellion, and Frank Blair, who called aloud for the President to overthrow by force the governments of the Southern States. "Sound Democracy" served slavery alive, and it serves it dead. It passes black codes, organizes the Ku-Klux Klan, and threatens laborers with starvation who do not support it. It is the enemy of equal rights, of free government, and of progress. Its chosen representatives are Seymour, Vallandigham, Hampton, and Howell Cobb. Is General Dix disappointed that these persons did not nominate him, or that his party insists upon being chained to a corpse?

WATER STREET.

The late performances at the dance-house of John Allen in Water Street have not seemed to us so promising as to many ardent souls, because Satan is an extremely long-headed adversary, and because bears have a habit of feigning death when they have by no means succumbed. It does not seem to us a very hopeful way of improving a man to make him notorious for wickedness, and then an object of sensational attention. If a missionary should go into Water Street—and we wish that the sense of duty called missionaries there rather than to Burmah and Siam oftener than it does—and finding a man whose house was the haunt of every horrible vice, should labor with him manfully, show him the infamy of his life, and win him from it, a good work would be done. But missionaries are apt to be very amiable men with very little experience of mankind, and are, consequently, unable always to discover when they are fooled.

The public is greedy for religious sensations. A revival like that of ten years ago excites the community, and it is useless to speculate upon its advantages or harmful results. The difficulty with all such things is the case with which a certain physical condition is mistaken for a spiritual emotion, and in general the fatal facility both of intentional and unintentional deception. John Allen probably made game of his missionary visitors; but finding himself notorious he acted accordingly. An article upon the Wickedest Man in New York may be a good advertisement for a magazine or for a dance-house, but we can not think it a wise way to reform Water Street. The flurry of excitement which has been raised about a particular spot in that missionary region may last for a few days longer. We observe that several noted gentlemen have been there to preach and pray. Will they continue to go when the excitement has died away, and no newspaper or magazine describes the dance-house and its meetings?

If all this is the beginning of a wise moral effort to purify Water Street and the wharves, we shall be very glad of it. But if it be a mere spasm of sensation for the cloyed city, Water Street will be worse off than before.

PUSHING THE FINANCIAL QUESTION.

Mr. Edward Atkinson, of Boston, is "pushing" the financial question with an ability and vigor that must be rather distressing to Mr. Horatio Seymour, who urges *his* friends to push it in a very different direction. Mr. Atkinson has been studying documents accessible to every body, but by no means manageable by every body—such as Reports of Secretaries of the Treasury—and has reached some very striking results.

For instance: The total revenue of the United States from April 1, 1861, to June 30, 1868, seven and a quarter years of active war or of so-called peace, was $2,213,349,486. If we deduct from the total expenditure for that time a fair allowance for ordinary peace expenses, we have, say, $4,000,000,000 as the actual cost of the war. But as we owed on the 30th of June, 1868, only $2,485,000,000, it follows that we have actually raised by taxation, and paid toward the cost of the war, besides paying all our peace expenses, $1,515,000,000. This has been paid in seven and a quarter years, and amounts to three-eighths of the entire cost of the war. And the money has been raised mainly in the loyal States, which for more than half of the time had a most efficient producing part of the population engaged in war.

Again, as a taxation of nearly $500,000,000 has proved too great for our present condition, the taxes have been reduced to but little more than $300,000,000 a year—and such is the reduction of our expenses that this sum is ample to pay expenses and interest, and a moderate annual payment of the principal. The normal increase of the population will so enhance the revenue that the rate per capita, which now yields $300,000,000, will, in the next twenty years, increase the aggregate in a sum sufficient to pay all additional expenses and the entire principal of the debt within that time. The present tariff yields about $170,000,000. The income tax yields $30,000,000. The whisky and tobacco, stamp and other taxes will yield more than $100,000,000.

This is the way to push the financial question—to tell the truth about it. To show that although the rebellion of the Southern wing of the Democratic party, sustained by the opposition offered to the Government by Mr. Seymour and his friends, has thrown a great debt upon the country, yet the energy and industry which conquered the rebellion will, with equal determination, easily pay the honest cost of the incalculably precious victory.

GOVERNMENT BY THE PEOPLE.

A Democratic paper coolly asserts that "self-government by the people" is "the policy of the Democracy." Let us see how true this is.

In ten of the States of the Union at least a third of the people, a third of the male adults, are colored. Now the Arkansas Democratic Convention last January declared for "the exclusion of negroes from an equal participation in making the laws." Self-government by the people is, therefore, not the policy of the Arkansas Democracy.

The Richmond *Enquirer*, the chief Democratic organ in Virginia, says distinctly, "none but white men must vote." The Virginia Democracy rejects the policy of self-government by the people.

The Mobile *Register*, the leading Democratic authority in Alabama, describes the "negro vote as null and void, and a sum of villainies." This is not very suggestive of government by the people.

Senator **Hendricks**, of Indiana, a prominent candidate for the Democratic nomination for the Presidency, says frankly, speaking for his party, "We meet the question squarely; we are against negro suffrage."

The cry of the Democratic party every where is not government by the people; it is "this is a white man's Government."

The alternative therefore is, that colored men are not "people," that is, they are not human beings, an assertion now left exclusively to Democratic orators; or that "people" is an arbitrary term meaning the lawful voters. Thus one Democratic writer gravely says: "It is the right of each State to determine who are the people qualified for political functions therein." Very well: who is the State? There is no State, in a voting sense, without voters, and who is to determine who the voters shall be? If the Democratic policy be government by the people then it asserts that all the people conforming to the usual conditions of sex and age ought to vote. But we deny that this is the Democratic policy any where, and least of all in the late rebel States.

All that the paper from which we quote means is that the white voters in the Southern States, a majority of whom in some of the States are unquestionably disaffected to the Government, ought to have exclusive political power, and do exactly as they please with the loyal people of every complexion. All the fine phrases of the Democratic papers and orators mean class government. The Democratic party, for more than a long generation, has been the political machine of an aristocracy, and it is nothing else now. When its orators a dozen years ago were blarneying the day-laborers of New York, Senator **Hammond**, of South Carolina, was expounding his philosophy of society, as a structure that rested most securely upon "mud-sills," as he contemptuously called the laborers, and the Richmond *Enquirer* set forth its pleasant doctrine that capital ought to own labor, not hire it. This was "Democracy" then, as it is now.

DEMOCRATIC SNEERS AT THE FOREIGN FRIENDS OF THE UNION.

We do not remember to have seen in any Democratic paper, or to have read in any Democratic speech, any word of praise for the Englishmen and Frenchmen whose faith in the loyalty of our citizens was unshaken during the war. But they have been ridiculed and reviled as if they had been enemies of the country. On the other hand, Mr. **Reverdy Johnson** tells Lord **Wharncliffe**, the chief of the English association for running the blockade and promoting rebel piracy to destroy American commerce, that his name will be always precious to us. So the *World*, which can not contain its admiration for "the grand old soldier," General **Lee**, and which declares that the speeches of **Wade Hampton** do "honor to the American character," and exhibit "a true American citizen," and "a practical temper and a just political vision which do honor to the American character," sneers at **Goldwin Smith** and **Newman Hall**, who have been here, and at Mr. **M'Carthy**, editor of the London *Star*, who is coming, as men who, it says, in contemptuous quotation, "stood by us in the dark and trying times."

Even the friendship of an Englishman for the Union and liberty in this country is an unforgivable crime to "Sound Democracy." Judging by experience, if Lord **Wharncliffe**, who hated the Union, and did his utmost to destroy it and save slavery, should come to this country, we do not doubt that the Chairman of the National Democratic Committee would be very glad to receive him; and, as that chairman, in his own house, rebuked a Union soldier for objecting to the Marquis of Hartington's flaunting a rebel badge in his face, so he would take good care that the Democratic organs that bark at the English friends of the Union should be respectfully silent before its enemies.

THE ARTILLERY SCHOOL AT FORTRESS MONROE, VIRGINIA.

We referred in previous articles to the necessity of schools of application and practice for those officers who, upon graduating at West Point, became connected with the artillery and engineer service, such necessity having been demonstrated in the early stages of the late war. Such a school, embracing also instruction for all appointees of the artillery of the army, whether from civil life or from the ranks of the army, has been established at Fortress Monroe. During the brief term of General **Grant** as Secretary of War the school was established, in November, 1867, under orders issued by him. Since the school commenced operations a large tract of land, consisting of about three hundred acres, has been purchased and added to our possessions at Fortress Monroe. This establishment is likely to have an important effect upon the future of the Army.

Brevet Major-General **Barry**, Colonel Second Regiment Artillery, was assigned to the command of the school and of the military post of Fortress Monroe and its dependencies; and the command was, by general orders, made an independent one, General **Barry** receiving his orders directly from, and making his reports directly to, the General-in-Chief.

Brevet Brigadier-General **Joseph Roberts**, Lieutenant-Colonel Fourth Regiment Artillery, and Brevet Brigadier-General **William Hays**, Major Fifth Regiment Artillery, were assigned to duty at the school as field-officers; and Brevet Major **Sanger**, Adjutant First Artillery, as Adjutant.

The orders of the War Department prescribed that the instruction at the school should be practical as well as theoretical; that the latter should comprise, besides the study of textbooks, a course of lectures, of which notes should be taken by the students, and afterward elaborated into written essays.

The practical portion of the course was assigned to the summer months, and was left to the discretion of the commanding officer of the school. The theoretical portion, to which the winter months were to be devoted, was to be arranged by the staff of the school, which was to consist of the commanding officer, the two field-officers, the ordnance-officer for the time being in command of the Fortress Monroe Arsenal, and the adjutant of the school as secretary. The staff was also directed to draw up a code of regulations for the governance of the school, which was done with much completeness. One battery from each of the five regiments of artillery was ordered to report to Major-General **Barry** for duty at the school. All of the five officers belonging to each of these batteries were ordered to accompany their batteries; and provision was also made for a number of additional officers by directing the assignment to duty at the school of such officers as, with or without their consent, it was deemed desirable to send there. The five instruction batteries were also filled up with recruits to a total of ninety men.

By the 1st of February, 1868, the officers and enlisted men had all been assembled. Major-General **Barry** arranged the preliminaries of the organization of the school, and the staff addressed itself to the preparation of the code of regulations, course of theoretical, and other instruction. These having all been finally approved by the General-in-Chief and the Secretary of War, the 1st of April, 1868, was designated for the formal opening of the school and commencement of the course of practical instruction as arranged by Major-General **Barry**. An introductory lecture upon the appropriate theme, "The organization and history of the United States Artillery from the foundation of the Government to the present time," was delivered by General **Barry** on the evening of March 31, and the course was promptly commenced next day. For the purposes of practical instruction the school is supplied with the following guns:

1. A field-battery (without horses) consisting of four 3-inch rifle wrought-iron guns, and two light 12-pounders smooth-bore.
2. A siege-battery of four 4½-inch rifle guns, one 30-pounder Parrott rifle gun, and one 8-inch siege-howitzer.
3. A siege-battery of four 10-inch siege-mortars of new pattern, with iron carriages.
4. A sea-coast battery (in casemate) of six 10-inch Rodman smooth-bore guns, and three 24 pounder flank-defense howitzers.
5. A sea-coast battery (in barbette) of four 100-pounder Parrott rifle-guns, and three 15-inch Rodman smooth-bore guns.
6. A sea-coast battery of six 13-inch sea-coast mortars, and one 10-inch sea-coast mortar, all of new pattern (without preponderance) and with iron carriages.

A Laboratory, equipped with every implement and supply requisite for practical instruction in military pyrotechny and the manufacture of artillery ammunition, was also prepared.

Besides instruction in the ordinary drill and general service of all these guns, practical instruction was given in the laying out and building of siege and mortar batteries, the laying of platforms for siege guns and mortars and for sea-coast mortars; and in every conceivable mechanical manœuvre incident to their mounting, dismounting, transfer, and transportation, including, of course, those pieces of ordnance of the heavy calibres of 15-inch Rodman smooth-bores and 13-inch sea-coast mortars and their carriages.

Practice with blank-cartridges and friction-primers was also regularly had monthly. The month of September and the first two weeks of October, which close the practical portion of the course, will be devoted to target-practice with every species of gun and projectile now adopted in the United States service. The opportunity offered by target-practice will also be availed of for the purpose of practical instruction in the uses of the Plane-Table for obtaining ranges; **Schultze**'s Chronoscope, and **Benton**'s Electro-ballistic Pendulum for obtaining initial velocities, and **Rodman**'s pressure-plug for ascertaining initial strain.

An examination on the practical portion of the course will be had during the last half of the month of October; and on the 1st of November the theoretical portion of the course will commence, and will continue until March, when the final examination will be held.

The course of studies having been fixed by orders of the War Department at one year, the five batteries now under instruction will be replaced on the 1st of April by five others.

From the above summary of what has been done and what is proposed to be done during this, the first year of the present Artillery School, it will be perceived that its aims are to conserve, digest, and utilize the mass of valuable practical artillery experience acquired during the late war, and to impart to the officers and enlisted men of the United States Artillery instruction in the specialties of their arm of the service, which can be only thoroughly accomplished at a central artillery post or school, where apparatus, books, and artillery material can be collected in sufficient quantity and variety, and military duties specially arranged for that purpose. Officers of artillery of the Army of the present day are to be divided into three general classes: first, those promoted from the ranks, and whose opportunities for education have been limited; second, those appointed into the artillery from civil life, who have received a good school, and often a collegiate education; and third, the graduates of the Military Academy at West Point. The design of the Artillery School at Fortress Monroe is to afford opportunities to officers of the first two classes to acquire as much as is possible of the special information necessary for them as officers of artillery; and to supplement, for those of the third class, what the want of time and the pressure of other studies rendered it impracticable for them to acquire at the Military Academy; but all graduates of the latter who are assigned to the artillery are expected to have served at least one year with their batteries before being sent to this school. The thanks of the country are due to General **Grant** for this important service.

"JUST SO."

The following view of the canvass, taken by a leading Democratic paper a month after the nomination of Mr. **Seymour**, is very ludicrous reading by the light of Maine and Vermont, and the new "uprising of the people" for General **Grant**:

> "General **Grant** has proved to be the most unavailable man the Radicals could have nominated. His military associates are the most pronounced opponents of his pretensions. In short, it is all up with the Radicals. Their platform is a fraud. Their candidate is a sham. Their prospect is utter discomfiture. Their meetings are failures. Captain **Kidd**, as a memory, arouses more enthusiasm than General **Grant** in his double character of chief and candidate. The only active men in the Radical campaign are their Congressional thieves, their revenue rogues, or their pulpit pretenders. Their statesmen bow their head in shame. Their former leaders hide from the public eye. Their presses breathe only cant, cheap loyalty, and issues as dead as last year's flies. Their defeats are just exactly as numerous as recurring elections. The coherence of spoils alone holds the officials together. The fear of detection alone bands the knaves in union. The rank and file are deserting by tens of thousands. There is no virility in the whole concern, from **Charles Sumner** down to **Sanford Conover**. The party is dead and the bubble is burst."

GENERAL GRANT IN EUROPE.

It is gratifying to find the distinguished Europeans who contributed so materially, by word and pen, to the success of the Union cause, unanimous in regarding the election of General **Grant** as absolutely necessary to prevent a recurrence of civil war, and to save the United States from being disgraced in the eyes of the world by financial repudiation. Our good friend, Count **de Gasparin**, declares this most emphatically; **Edward Laboulaye**'s words we quoted a short time since; and the following extract, which we are permitted to copy from a private letter of the eminent French historian, **Henri Martin**, ranks him in the same category:

"You are right," says M. **Martin**, "in believing that we are warmly interested in your Presidential contest. The election of a *soi-disant* Democrat would be a great calamity; but we have full confidence in the success of General **Grant**."

A GENEROUS ACTION.

A few weeks since a number of sheriff's officers, in attempting to serve an injunction on an actor at the Broadway Theatre, restraining him from producing the drama of "Foul Play," by **Charles Reade** and **Dion Boucicault**, became involved in a fracas in which a man and a boy attached to the theatre were wounded. Reports of the occurrence reached Mr. **Reade**, and he immediately sent the sum of ten pounds, worth about $70 in greenbacks, to the sufferers, accompanied by the following characteristic letter:

"2 Albert Terrace,
Knightsbridge, London.

"*Messrs. Harper & Brothers, New York:*

"Dear Sirs,—A fracas has taken place about **Boucicault**'s and **Reade**'s drama 'Foul Play,' and an old man and a boy have been severely wounded.

"I do not know who was in the wrong: more competent judges will decide that upon a sworn evidence.

"But it makes me very unhappy that blood should be shed about any thing of this kind with which I am connected.

"I inclose a check on **Herries & Company** for ten pounds, and will you be so very kind as to see that this small sum is laid out for the comfort and relief of those two sufferers?

"I also want somebody to take them by the hand and tell them that nobody on either side of the water is more grieved at their misfortune than I am.

"Will you kindly do this, or get it done, for me? I shall be truly obliged to you if you will.

"I am, yours respectfully,
"**Charles Reade**."

LITERARY.

The second volume of Dr. **Draper**'s "History of the American Civil War," which will be finished in another volume, is issued by the **Harpers**. It is admirably printed and most conveniently arranged, and treats the period from the departure of Mr. **Lincoln** from Springfield to the Emancipation Proclamation. Dr. **Draper** considers that the military policy of the war contemplated three objects: effectually to blockade the rebellious States by sea and land; to open the Mississippi River; to capture Richmond. The military and naval operations to these results are vividly described, and with a remarkable clearness of detail and freshness of interest. The criticisms upon the commanders, especially upon General **McClellan**, are acute but dispassionate. Indeed, we do not know where a better picture is drawn of that "dilatory and hesitating" chieftain. Dr. **Draper** devotes a proper space to the foreign relations and domestic policy of the Government. The attitude of England is relentlessly but authentically portrayed, and the French designs in Mexico are discussed with ample knowledge and graphic skill. Indeed, the volume, which is the result of faithful study of authentic records and personal communications from conspicuous actors, is full of interest and value, and is quite worthy the remarkable accomplishments of its distinguished author.

The **Harpers** have just published a work of indescribable interest to the eighty or hundred thousand opium-eaters in the United States—"The Opium Habit, with Suggestions as to the Remedy." It consists of a painfully attractive relation of a successful attempt to abandon opium; detailed accounts of the most celebrated opium-eaters; and an article and letter by **Fitz Hugh Ludlow** upon the cure of the habit, written with extraordinary detail of knowledge of every shifting aspect of the opium-eating practice. It is a book of great interest for every body, and of especial value for the faculty; and it is loudly demanded by the rapid extension of this insidious habit.

DU CHAILLU.

Du Chaillu, the famous African explorer, the discoverer of the gorilla—whose books of travel are as interesting as any romance—is prepared to lecture this winter. **Du Chaillu** illustrates his lectures by numerous diagrams and pictures. He is one of the best speakers, so far as interesting an audience is a test of success, whose name is familiar to the public.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

NEWS ITEMS.

A funeral procession was crossing the Erie Railway near Elmira on September 22 when an express train ran into it. A sister of the deceased was thrown on the track and badly injured, and a child of the same was killed.

Captain Mason, President of the Registration Board of Fulton County, Arkansas, was murdered on the 19th of September by the Ku-Klux Klan, and several negroes have been killed and churches burned recently by the same organization. General Hindman of the same State was assassinated, on September 27, by one of his former rebel soldiers.

John H. Surratt, the alleged accomplice of Booth in the murder of President Lincoln, was unexpectedly discharged from custody on September 24 under the law of limitations, which forbids the prosecution of criminals after being more than two years under charges without trial. The Government counsel appealed on the ground that no trial could be sooner had for the reason that Surratt was a fugitive from justice.

The bill recently passed by the Louisiana Legislature to secure colored persons in their right to travel in public vehicles and be entertained in public hotels has been vetoed by Governor Warmoth. He takes the ground that these rights are already secured by the State Constitution, and the refusal of them can not be made a question for a criminal suit, but a civil one. Besides, he says, it is better to let the prejudice against the newly enfranchised wear away by time rather than have it embittered by such legislation.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The Spanish rebellion seriously threatens to become a successful revolution in a very short time. All the navy and half the army have joined the rebels under Prim, and the rest of the royal army is disorganized and no dependence placed on its loyalty or efficiency. The principal cities have revolted, and in several instances their governors have been murdered. General Prim, Marshal Serrano, and other rebel leaders, are marching from different points on Madrid. The hour chosen for the revolt was at the time Queen Isabella was visiting Napoleon in the vain hope of obtaining assistance from him, and she was thus cut off from her capital. She then abdicated in favor of her son, but the rebels seem determined to be rid of the Bourbon dynasty, and the substitute was not received with loud acclaim. The early expulsion of the Bourbon family from Spain will doubtless be the result of the present movements. The Bourbon race will then have no foothold in Europe.

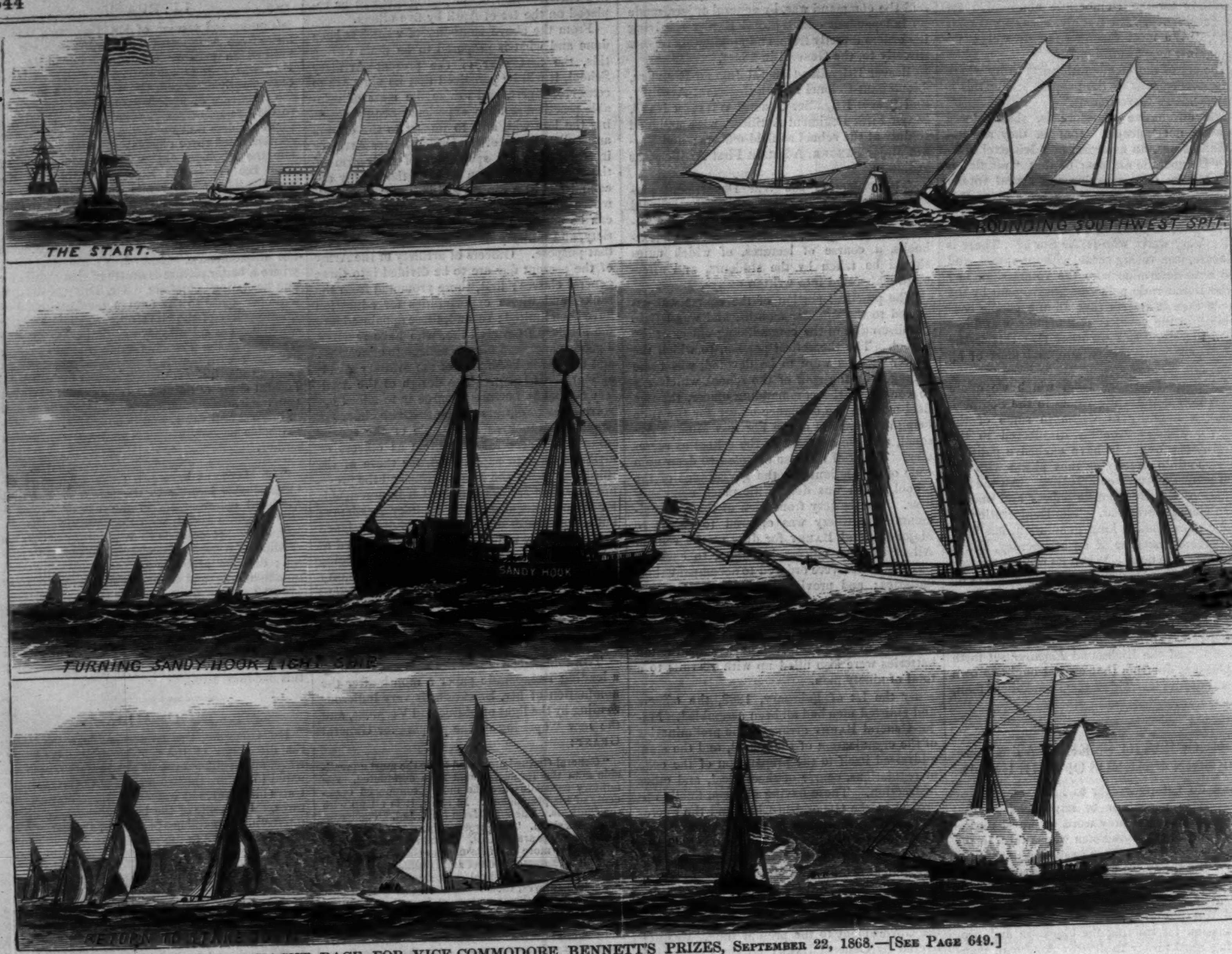
A deputation of Greek citizens waited upon Admiral Farragut on September 22, and returned thanks for the sympathy which the United States had manifested for the patriots in Candia. The Admiral in reply is reported to have said that the people of America not only sympathized with the Cretans, but would aid, as far as possible, the cause of liberty in Crete.

Minister Johnson's latest declaration to the English is to the effect that the differences between England and America are few and unimportant. The London papers doubt his authority to make any such assertions.

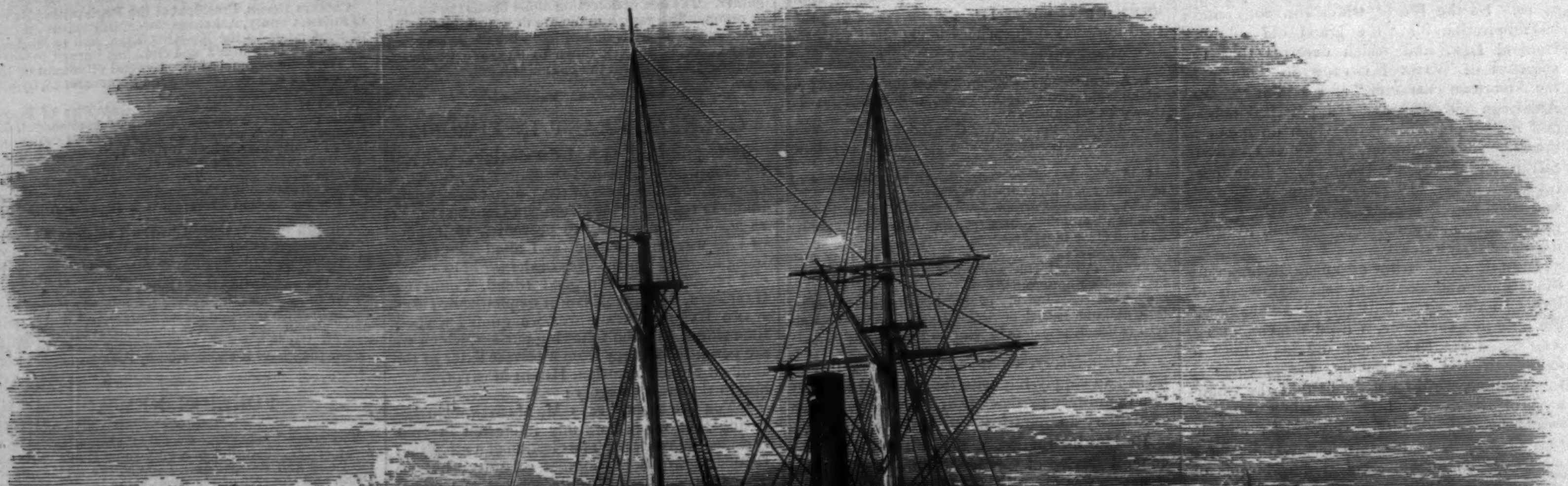
A London journal advocates the absorption of Mexico by the United States, provided we pay her debts to European powers, and keep the country quiet.

The report of the sinking of the southeast shore of Hawaii, the largest of the Sandwich Islands, is confirmed, the subsidence varying in places from eight inches to four feet. Shocks of earthquake are felt four or five times a day in three of the islands, and considerable smoke is seen issuing from one of the volcanoes. At Hilo, during the continuance of the great earthquake in South America, the sea rose and fell from three to four feet once every ten minutes.

Later reports from South America place the total number of killed by the earthquakes in Ecuador at 40,000. In Peru the dead are yet hidden under the ruins of houses in many instances, and a stench infests the air which, it is thought, will produce a pestilence. A band of robbers are roaming through the ruins robbing every one who has any thing left.


THE START.
ROUNDING SOUTHWEST SPIT.
SANDY HOOK
TURNING SANDY HOOK LIGHT SHIP.
RETURN TO STAKE BOAT.

YACHT RACE FOR VICE-COMMODORE BENNETT'S PRIZES, September 22, 1868.—[See Page 649.]



THE SOUTH AMERICAN EARTHQUAKES—WRECK OF THE "WATEREE."—Sketched by W. D. Nicholson.—[See Page 645.]

LOSS OF THE "WATEREE."

WE have heretofore given full accounts of the great earthquake in South America, by which several of the most important cities of Peru and Bolivia were destroyed, and numerous vessels wrecked. Among others were the United States steamers *Wateree* and *Fredonia*, and the Peruvian steamer *America* and bark *Charnacillo*. Our illustration on page 644 is of the scene of the destruction of these vessels and the town of Arica, Peru. The ruins of Arica, and a camp of Araucanian Indians, are seen on the left of the engraving; the remnants of the *Fredonia* are seen in the distance; the *Wateree*, high and dry a quarter of a mile inland, is seen in the centre and fore-ground; and the Peruvian vessels on the right.

Commodore JAMES H. GILLIS, of the *Wateree*, in his official report states that "the *Wateree* lies about three miles to the northwest of the city, and about four hundred and fifty yards inland. Although her hull has suffered much, still she appears to be in perfect condition. Not a plank has been started, and she stands upright as though in a dry dock. Considering her position, and its slight elevation above the sea, we do not think it possible to float her again. It would be impossible to dig under her, as the means are not at hand, and it would cost more than what the vessel is worth."

THE PARAGUAYAN WAR.

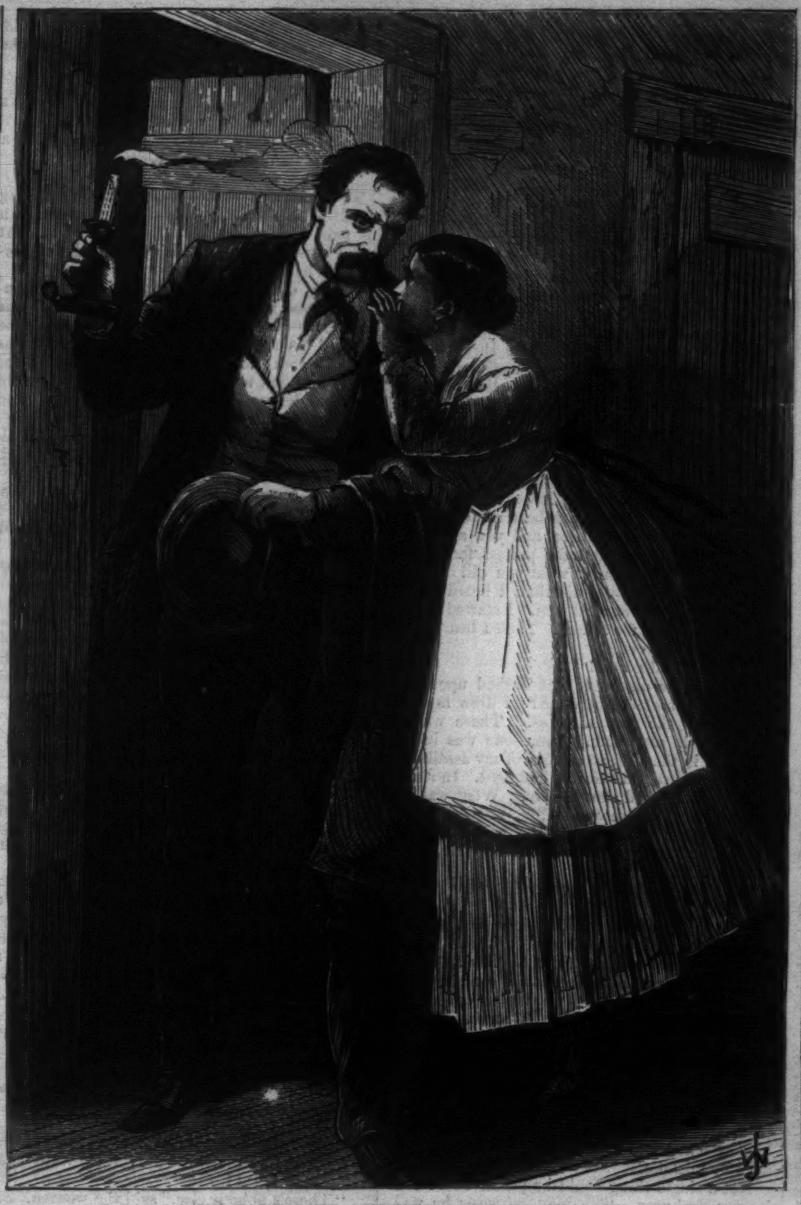
THE capture of the fortress of Humaita, after a constant siege of two and a half years, appears to have been rather the result of the voluntary retirement of the Paraguayans than that of a bold assault, as the accounts first led us to suppose. It was occupied by the Allies on July 25, but the Paraguayans had evacuated it a week before, and retired to a new line of defense about fifty miles farther up the river. A small force of 1000 men was left behind to retard the advance of the Allies; these men, after being surrounded, surrendered, and were immediately sworn in to *serve on the side of the Allies.*

Humaita, on being occupied, was found to be a weak position, depending entirely for its strength on the work just down the river, and known as Curupaita. On the capture of this last-named fort the evacuation of Humaita was begun. The commander of the Allied forces which garrisoned the fortress describes it as "a phantom." Not only was the fortress weak, but the town was wholly uninhabitable, having been destroyed by the constant bombardment of the Allied fleet and army. Our illustration on this page shows the condition in which the church at Humaita was found by the Allies on occupying the position. It had been almost wholly destroyed and leveled with the ground, and the interior was completely riddled.

CAPTAIN ROLF'S STORY.

By the Author of "The Dodge Club," "Cord and Creese," etc., etc.

DURING the march against the Mormons in 1858 we used to beguile the evenings by different stories of adventures. Captain Rolf of the 15th Regulars was generally a grave and silent man; but one evening, being hard pressed, he told the following story:



"FOR GOD'S SAKE, TAKE CARE! THEY'RE GOING TO KILL AND ROB YOU!"

It was on the close of a sultry evening in August that I took my way along a woodland road that led to the town of W——, in the State of Virginia. The extreme sultriness of the weather had wearied me more than either the length of the way or the roughness of the road; and when at length I came in sight of a comfortable inn, nestling among trees on the road-side, I felt extreme delight. It was a small house, but a clean one; and the general air of neatness which characterized it was most attractive to the weary traveler.

The western part of Virginia had about this time been much troubled by a gang of desperadoes, whose robberies and acts of violence had both startled and horrified the community. All efforts to catch them had been in vain, and the road which I was traveling enjoyed the unenviable notoriety of having been the scene of by far the greater number of their crimes. It was, therefore, with feelings of deep satisfaction that I entered the door of this peaceful cottage.

The interior corresponded with the exterior. Nothing but cleanliness and neatness met the eye. I was encountered at the door by a woman of very prepossessing appearance, who courteously invited me into the parlor. I informed her that I proposed passing the night at this house, and asked her if she had accommodations for my horse. She answered in the affirmative, and went out to call the hostler. In a few minutes a tall, ill-looking man came forward, and proceeded to lead my horse away, not however before I had removed the saddle-bags and taken them under my own particular care.

The woman soon came in, and busied herself with arrangements about my dinner. I noticed that she had a troubled expression and frequently cast uneasy glances at me. This I did not notice particularly at first, or rather I attributed it to the ordinary anxiety which any careful landlady might feel about the success of her dinner.

Dinner passed over very well, and I adjourned to the chief room of the inn to take my post-prandial smoke. I found there several men of sinister aspect sitting around the fire-place. The moment I entered they stopped talking and relapsed into silence.

These men were evidently *habitués* of the house. How this modest-looking woman ever came into connection with such men I could not imagine. However, there it was. These men, who were nearly a dozen in number, were certainly about the wildest set of desperadoes in appearance that I ever saw. After some minutes of silence they rose one by one and left the room.

I had carried my saddle-bags with me as I entered the room, and I noticed that my care of them attracted the notice of these men. I soon finished my smoke, and then, rising, I took my things and inquired for my bedroom. The woman took the light, and led the way. As I came to the door she turned around and faced me. Handing me the light she suddenly clutched my arm, and with a pale face, and in a thrilling whisper, she said:

"For God's sake, take care! They're going to kill and rob you!"

Before I could recover from the start which her words gave me she was gone.

I mechanically entered the room, put down the light, and stood like one stupefied.

What words were these! "Kill me! rob me!" What did the woman mean? As I thought of these words the belief forced itself upon me that this house, notwithstanding its simple neatness, was somehow connected with these very brigands of whom I had heard so much. For a moment I felt paralyzed.

You may well believe that it was a fearful moment. Here was I, alone, in a lonely part of the country, completely in the power of these villains. As to the woman, she had warned me indeed; but why had she not warned me before? I thought of escape, but that was impossible. Supposing I could get away from the house, I could not hope to avoid the pursuit of these ruffians along the road; and to take to the woods was certain death.

At length the very desperation of my situation roused me to action. "Here," I thought, "I will wait and receive my doom. I will sell my life as dearly as possible; I will not fly. I will remain here, trust in God, and fight till the last." After this decision I felt better. I went to the door and barred it as well as I could, and put all the furniture of the room against it. I also crammed some pillows against the windows. Then, opening my saddle-bags, I took out my pistol-case, to see how my arms were.

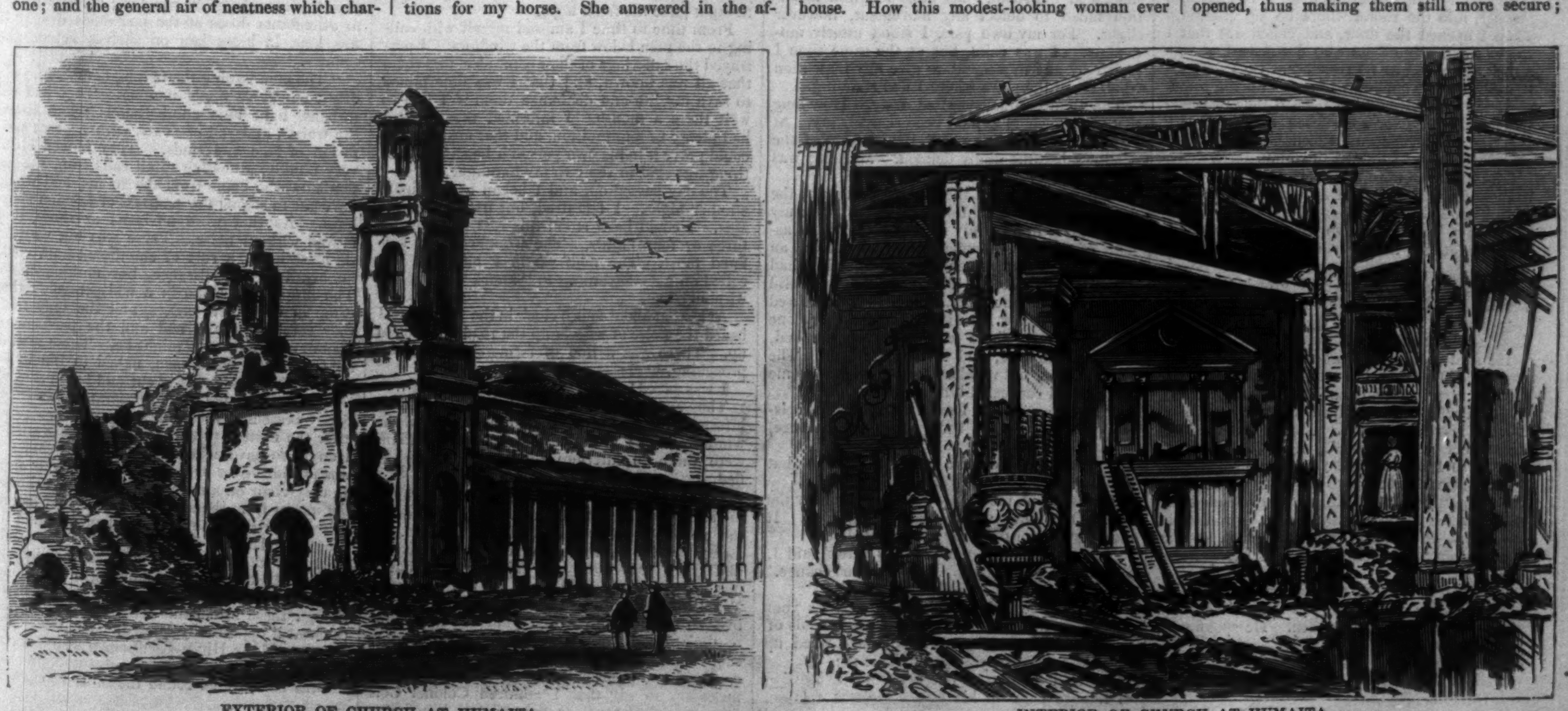
My arms consisted of two of the most beautiful revolvers that ever were seen. Both were "seven-shooters," with the very latest improvements—a movable chamber for the insertion of cartridges, which themselves were of a new invention. I had a large supply of these cartridges, and never did I feel a greater revulsion of feeling than when these revolvers of mine presented themselves before me as my very good friends to protect me at this hour.

So great was the reaction that I felt a positive exultation.

My life will be hard to take, I thought; some of these devils will, perhaps, lose theirs first. Then my humor grew somewhat pleasant. I reflected with glee upon the fact that I had very little money, and my saddle-bags contained nothing but bills of account which I had come to collect. These ruffians would risk much for nothing whatever. As I only had thirty dollars, these ten men, for there seemed to be about that number, would have to risk their lives for three dollars apiece.

I was too excited to sleep, of course. I had to watch and guard my life. Sleep was not hard to fight off. In fact, it never even attempted to come to me.

I concluded that it would be best to put out the light, so as to conceal myself to the best advantage, in case they had any peep-holes through which to spy me. My room was in the front of the house, and looked out upon the road. I put out the light, and then walked softly to the window. It was too dark to see any thing. I found some sticks which I placed on the windows in such a way as to prevent their being opened, thus making them still more secure;



EXTERIOR OF CHURCH AT HUMAITA.

INTERIOR OF CHURCH AT HUMAITA.

THE PARAGUAYAN WAR—VIEW OF A BOMBARDED CHURCH AS FOUND BY THE ALLIES JULY 25.

A

and then sitting down on one side of the door, with my revolvers in my hands, I waited for events.

It was not long before I heard footsteps slowly ascending the stairs, and soon the door was tried. The weights which I had placed against it prevented it from being opened.

"He's fastened the door," said a voice.

"Pooh! There's no lock. Push hard."

There was a push. The door yielded.

"What do you want?" said I, quietly.

There was a panse. I heard whispers, but at last some one said:

"If you're awake open the door."

"I will not," said I.

"You must. If you don't we'll push it open."

"Do if you dare," said I, calmly.

They pushed. The door opened. I put my pistol close to the opening and fired.

There was a wild shriek! Some one was *hit*. There was fearful confusion. I could not resist the opportunity. I thought that I had to die at any rate, and therefore it would be best to put some of these fellows out of the world too. So I fired again. Another yell followed. Once more I fired. There was another yell. Then I heard a rush down stairs, and groans outside of my door.

By this time the intensity of my excitement had made every nerve as rigid and as tense as iron. I pulled away the things and opened the door. Feeling in the dark, I found the groaning wretches. There were three. I hastily dragged them into the room, and then barricaded the door once more.

"You scoundrels!" said I. "I ought to show you no mercy; but you're suffering, and I'll help you."

They only groaned in reply.

I lighted the lamp, and kneeling on the floor, examined their wounds. One was wounded in the thigh, another had his arm broken, a third had been hit in the right breast.

I always carry different ointments and drugs with me in case of accidents. Here they were quite useful. I brought out my little stock of lint and remedies, and dressed their wounds. The one who had been struck in the breast did not say a word. The others begged my forgiveness. I did this warily and carefully. I was afraid of being seen through the windows or through the crevices of the door. But the occupation served to while away the time; and these wretches, miserable as they were, afforded company at least.

After making them easy, I put out the light and waited. I knew that such a desperate gang as these would now be only more furious than ever, and determined to watch still more warily.

After a time I heard a noise outside. I conjectured that they were putting a ladder against the window. These men were certainly fools, for what possible chance could they have there since they had failed against the door? "If any of you say one word," I muttered to the wounded men, "I'll blow your brains out." Satisfied with this threat, I watched beside one of the windows. It was so dark that nothing could be seen. I waited for what seemed a long time. At last I heard the door move at the impulse of some strong push. Then the whole truth flashed upon me. They were attacking me from both sides, thinking thus to bewilder me. My resolution was taken at once. I rushed to the door and fired. There was a groan and a fall. I fired again; another shriek followed, and again, as before, there was a rush down stairs. At the same time there was a crash at the window. A gun was fired into the room. Loud curses arose. I rushed to the window. My outstretched hand touched the knee of a man, which was resting on the window-ledge. I fired again. The villain staggered back. I caught him before he fell. The window-sash had been smashed away by a blow which he had dealt upon it. I dragged him through into the room, where he lay groaning. Then I opened the door, and called out that I would shoot any others who dared to make an attack. There was no response. So I dragged the other two wounded wretches into the room, swearing that I would kill them if they resisted; barricaded the door as before; and then, with renewed confidence and a feeling of triumph at my easy victory, I lighted the lamp.

The wretches were groaning fearfully. I felt such perfect self-complacency that I had no hard feeling toward them.

"Come," said I, "I've dressed the wounds of these others, and if you be quiet I'll dress yours."

"You're the devil himself!" growled the man whom I had dragged in through the window.

"Will you let the devil dress your wounds, or do you choose to suffer?" said I, quietly.

He said nothing. I proceeded to dress their wounds. The wretches looked grateful. They seemed surprised and bewildered. I gave two of them who were wounded worst my bed, and left the rest on the floor. Then I put the light out, as before, and waited. I would not expose myself, so I sat beside the door, as before, with every sense sharpened to an unusual activity. Before putting out the light I had reloaded my pistol, which had been nearly used up in the six shots which I had fired with such effect, and, as I had plenty more charges left, I felt quite at ease.

"I'm all ready," said I, "for fifty of you."

"Have you got fifty pistols there?" said one fellow, whose arm was broken. He spoke with a groan.

"You don't seem to know any thing about revolvers in these parts," said I.

"Revolvers?"

"Yes; and the next time you try this game you'd better find out how the man whom you attack is armed."

The man said nothing. I waited for a long time. At last, suddenly and unexpectedly, there was the loud report of a gun, close outside the door. Another followed immediately. Instantly I fired two or three shots. They did not seem to take effect. For I heard footsteps hurrying down the stairs. They evidently fancied that I might be standing in front of the door, and tried this experiment. They were mistaken, and they knew it.

After this there was silence for a long time. At last I heard a faint creak on the stairs. I suspected another attack. I drew myself up close against the wall and waited. Suddenly it came. Three guns were fired in rapid succession. A fourth followed. The door was pushed open with a tremendous effort. A groan came from the bed. Instantly, as I felt the door thrust open, I fired five or six shots in swift succession. Some others were wounded. The shrieks and curses were fearful. Footsteps again sounded from some who were rushing down stairs. There were two men who had fallen in through the doorway and lay groaning on the floor. I dragged them inside. I closed the door again, as before, placing the barricade against it, and, for additional security, putting these wounded men against the barricade. It was a cruel thing to do; but wait till you have been attacked, till your blood is at fever heat, and you are mad with the excitement and the pitiless fervor of battle—wait, and then see what you will do.

Scarcely had I done this than I heard a cry from one of these wounded men. I started back. There was silence for a time. Then I heard soft footsteps in my room.

Some one had got in!

This was the discovery that flashed upon my mind. What was to be done? I drew myself deeper into the gloom. Yes. There was a movement in my room. Some one was in it. No doubt in that last attack one of my assailants had flung himself in before I had fired. In shutting the door I had shut him in. What was he doing now? Where was he?

The groans from one of the wounded men whom I had last pulled in excited my attention and my pity.

"Oh my God!" he groaned; "to stab a wounded man!"

"Stab," I thought, "a wounded man!" What words are these? Who stabbed? Was it this mysterious new-comer? Did he think that he had caught me? Yes—it must be so. But why had he stabbed? Evidently he had no other arm. No; if he had held a pistol in his hands he would have fired. He had a dagger or a knife and that only. What was I to do? All was silent in the room. The new-comer was shut in and dared not move. I waited in silence. There was no sound except the groans of the wounded men. No doubt this man had found out that he had attacked one of his own comrades in the dark by mistake.

Not a single thing could be perceived in that intense darkness. The man, whoever he was, stood motionless, afraid to move. The groans of the wounded men arose incessantly. At last I heard a movement near the window. I fired and instantly changed my position to the other side of the door so as to be undiscovered. I had missed him, whoever he was. There was a long silence.

After a long time, I heard a plunging movement against the place which I had just occupied. The man in the room had evidently made a desperate rush at that place from which I had fired my pistol. Instantly I fired again. A low moan arose. I heard a rustling movement. Had I struck him, or had I not? I thought that perhaps I had struck him and he had smothered his cry of pain and crawled away.

After this I felt more security, though I still kept up my watch. No more attacks were made. The result of the last assault had, no doubt, disheartened these desperate wretches. There was silence in the room. My most watchful attention failed to detect any movement, however slight. For my own part, I stood utterly motionless. I was calm, but at the same time I feared by any movement to give any indication whatever of the place where I was standing.

The night gradually passed away. How long that night seemed to me I need scarcely say. At length, to my intense relief, the outlines of the windows became dimly defined. Morning was approaching.

Crouching down in the darkest portion of the room, I waited, watchfully and warily, with my pistols poised and ready for the sight or the assault of the unseen ruffian who had effected an entrance. Those wretches whose wounds I had dressed were asleep. The other two were still groaning near the door. The light increased steadily. At last I could distinguish every one in the room. There were three on the bed, three on the floor, and two by the door. The other one was not visible. It then seemed to me that he had concealed himself under the bed.

"You scoundrel!" I cried; "I have my pistol pointed under the bed. Come out at once, or I will fire!"

"Don't fire!" cried a voice, in a feeble but imploring tone. "I'll come out."

I waited. A man crawled out from under the bed. One hand was covered with blood. It must have been from my last pistol-shot.

"I have any quantity of shots here," said I. "You may as well give up. You have no chance."

"Don't kill me," said he.

"If you be quiet," said I, "I'll dress your wounds as I already have done to the wounds of these other wretches. I would have fixed up these last two, but you wouldn't let me."

He said nothing. There was an expression of intense pain on his face. He was a large, stout, broad-built man, at least six feet high, and far stronger than I was.

"I will dress your wound," said I, "if you promise to be quiet."

He promised.

"If you make the slightest movement," said I, "I'll put a bullet through your head; so you had better be quiet."

I went up to him.

"Come," said I, "I'll not trust you. I won't trust you unless I tie your other hand up."

I had my pistol, and he had nothing but a knife. He flung the knife down.

"Go ahead," said he.

The miserable wretch was evidently suffering awfully. His wrist had been shot through. In his pain he thought of nothing but relief. At first I intended to tie up his other hand, but, seeing how he suffered, I forebore.

He lay down. I put my pistols in my side-pockets, and began to bind up his hand. It was his left hand that was wounded. Suddenly he plunged his right hand into my pocket. I was on the watch; for there was something in the devil's face that made me distrust him. I seized his hand before it had grasped my pistol, and with my other hand I clutched his throat.

He had only one hand to fight with. I silenced him pretty quickly. His hand dropped. He begged for his life.

"You scoundrel!" I cried, "you don't deserve it. Any how I'll spare your life. But I won't dress your wound, and, what's more, I'll bind your hand."

I did so. He was afraid, and did not attempt to resist. I bound his unwounded hand so firmly that he could not free it, and then, leaving him, I went to the others. One of these was desperately wounded. A bullet had broken his leg, and there was a stab in his shoulder. The other was wounded in the arm. I dressed their wounds as well as I was able, and then waited for further developments. There I was with nine prisoners, all wounded. Some of the wretches were asleep. Those who were awake were groaning in their pain.

Nine were captured. It was a very good night's work. I wondered how many more there might be. That, however, it was impossible to find out. None of the men would answer. They all kept a surly silence.

"Well," said I, "I don't care how many of you there may be. I'm ready for you all. I've got enough shots here to last me for some days. The only thing that can reduce me is starvation; but then, you know, if I starve, you'll have to starve too. How do you like that?"

Some hours passed away. No one came. At last I went to the window and shouted out,

"There are nine wounded men up here. They all want food and drink. If any body comes up I won't hurt him. Send up the woman."

Nothing was said for a long time. At last there was a rap at the door.

"Who's there?"

"Me," said a woman's voice.

I opened cautiously. "If there's any body else," said I, "I'll fire."

"There's nobody else," said the woman. She came in carrying a basket full of things. She went up and down several times bringing provisions.

She informed me that there were six men below, and they wished to parley with me. I consented, and held a parley for some time. They offered to let me go free if I would promise not to molest any of them or inform on them. It was a fair offer, but a frown from the woman made me suspect foul play. I refused, and said I would consider. At last I offered to give up the prisoners if they would come up unarmed into the room, and let me go in peace. This they refused. Our parley then came to an end.

As the woman left for the last time I prepared to fasten the door. She looked anxiously at me. I bent my head toward her.

"There'll be teams along to-day," said she, and departed.

Teams? What did she mean? Evidently passers-by, men on whom I might rely. The thought gave me fresh hope.

From time to time I amused myself with calling to the men below from the windows. I portrayed the sufferings of their comrades, told them that all was known, and that I was determined to save my life and denounce them if I had to wait there a month. I informed them that I had plenty of ammunition, and that any of them could prove it in his own person if he chose. Nothing was said in reply to my harangue.

The day passed on, and I began to anticipate another night. I felt tired, but not at all anxious. I could have stood this sort of thing for three or four nights. The wounded men suffered most. The man whom I had shot last called on his companions to "knock under," but without effect.

At last, at about four o'clock in the afternoon, I heard the noise of wheels up the road. I looked up. There was a line of farmers' wagons approaching.

I was saved!

They came up to the door. I shouted to them, informed them of my case, and leaped out of the window to the ground. None of the ruffians were there to interfere with me. They had fled.

I told my story. The team-drivers espoused my cause with the greatest ardor. They followed me up stairs and secured all the ruffians. I looked out for the woman to reward her, but she had gone. My horse was missing also; but I did not mind that. I rode in the teams to Wheeling, where these wretches were handed over to the authorities, and punished according to their deserts. A search was instituted after their confederates, and four out of the six were captured and punished. For myself it is hardly necessary to say that I admired Colonel Colt from that time forth as the greatest benefactor of the human species, and never traveled without revolvers.

So ended Captain Rolf's story.

A HINDOO OPIUM-HOUSE.

THOSE who have read the strange experiences detailed in the new volume lately published by Harper & Brothers, entitled "The Opium Habit," will find the following description of an English gentleman's visit to a Hindoo opium-house of fascinating interest:

"When I was stationed at Dum-Dum, in the Bengal Presidency, in 1859, I paid a visit to one of the opium smoking and chewing houses, of which there are many in Calcutta unknown to the public. The laws are very stringent with regard to them, and the difficulties I met with in carrying out my intention of visiting one of them were very great. My curiosity was first excited by my moonshee, Mohammed Bux, who came daily to give me instruction in Hindustani, and described those dens most accurately to me, as he had an intimate acquaintance with them, his father being a great devotee at the shrine of —I suppose I ought to say—Morpheus. I proposed to him that he should obtain for me admittance to one of these places, and he promised to try do so.

"Mohammed Bux spoke to one of the men who kept an opium-house, and came to tell me that if I would swear not to tell the police how I obtained admittance, nor give any information that might lead to the place being discovered, that then I would be allowed to see what I pleased. This I refused. I gave my word, but would not swear. It was finally accepted on account of the repeated solicitations of the moonshee. It was a bright moonlight night when we started in a gharrie, or native carriage, from Dum-Dum to Calcutta. Dum-Dum is about seven miles distant from Calcutta, and the road runs through a low marshy ground, rice-fields, and cocoa-nut groves. It was about ten o'clock when we approached the China Bazar. Here we had to slacken our pace on account of the formation of the streets; they were very narrow, having on either side a deep ditch or sewer uncovered, the effluvium from which was very offensive.

"After passing through many ill-lighted, narrow streets, we at length came to a halt in front of an archway, and alighted. Here my moonshee spoke a few words in *Ordu* to a man who was loitering about, and the man disappeared, telling us to wait for him in the shade. We waited there for about half an hour, when three stately Hindoos made their appearance. The moonshee salaamed very lowly to them, and seemed to treat them with great respect—it was all policy on his part. They took me aside and cross-examined me very closely as to my object and motives in wishing to see the inside of their establishment. I answered frankly, that I was only actuated by curiosity, and did not intend to injure them in any way. We were then conducted up a flight of stone stairs. The darkness was positively painful. The ascent to the top of the lofty houses in the native part of Calcutta is very narrow and winding, and altogether unlighted. The steps are a foot and a half high, rendering it very tiresome to go up. We were quite tired, hot, and out of breath when we emerged into the open air on the roof of the house. All the houses had flat roofs, and it was possible to go from one end of the street to the other on the tops of the houses.

"We went on some hundred yards, and there commenced descending into another house by stairs similar to the one in the first house. We had not got far when we were stopped by two men who were guarding a door to our right. I had to deliver up my revolver, without which I seldom went far since the mutiny. A few steps more and we were ushered into the first room—the room where the opium was issued from. Here there was a long counter covered with zinc, having scales fastened at intervals all along it, and behind the counter were some dozen natives busily engaged in weighing out and giving to attendants doses of the poisonous drug. It was kept in brass jars on shelves behind the counter.

"The men issuing the opium, bang, etc., were dressed in a very gay manner. They had red turbans, light blue cumberbunds (cloth round the waist), and yellow coats, with a great profusion of lace and studs. They moved about very nimbly, attending to all calls from the attendants who came from the rooms, and would have put to shame the smartest of London shop-boys. As they wore no boots or shoes, they moved without noise. There was but very little noise here; a sort of smothered hum could be heard in the distance, but nothing more. The attendants spoke in a whisper when they came in with their orders, and the only reply they received was a nod and the package of opium, or whatever it might be. These attendants were low caste men, naked to the waist, and, with the hair closely cut and beard shaved, they had much the same appearance as the old Sepoy presented whenever we came across him after the mutiny ('his occupation being gone'). I ought to have called this room the 'shop;' it was presided over by a very old man, who sat in an easy-chair on a raised platform, and collected the money from the attendants after they had received the drugs from the gentlemen behind the counter. He was lynx-eyed; and out of the twenty or thirty men running in and out, not one could escape without handing in the money received for the opium from the customer, although these attendants were only too anxious to cheat if opportunity offered.

"One of the Hindoo gentlemen who had conducted us up to the shop now advanced, and said he was ready to go round the other rooms with us.

"The first room he brought us into was a long, low room, about twenty feet wide, and so filled with smoke that we were unable for a time to distinguish any thing in it. When our eyes became accustomed to it, we could perceive a line of men on each side of the room stretched upon mats, resting their heads upon small wooden pillows, and puffing away vigorously at the pernicious drug. Some of them were not smoking, having fallen off into that lethargic sleep, so like death, which invariably follows the use of large quantities of opium. There were men of all ages here, composed of a rather inferior caste, in all the different stages of opium smoking. Some who had just commenced the use of it, and others who, after a few years' *enjoyment* (if I may use the word), were fast *dreaming* into eternity.

"The first man who attracted my attention was an old Hindoo, apparently sixty years of age, with sunken cheeks, hollow eyes, and attenuated features. He was wasted away—almost to a skeleton—seeming to breathe with great difficulty, yet puffing away vigorously at his pipe. Our guide told us the history of the unfortunate old skeleton. He was at one time a native banker in the better part of the native city of Calcutta, and was worth lacs of rupees. During one of the periodical panics a great run was made upon his bank, which, together with the failure of many of his debtors, completely ruined him, and he had to have recourse to the Bankruptcy Court. This so preyed upon his mind that he took to opium, the Asiatic substitute for *drink*. His friends made many attempts to save him, but all in vain; and here he was now a man not much over forty years of age, looking like an aged man and tottering on the brink of the grave.

"It is but very rarely that a man who has once fairly taken to the use of opium gives it up. The suffering for the want of it is so very intense, and each dose so weakens the mind and body, that the victim is a mere slave to his appetite for it.

"A little further up the room there was quite a lad, of some eighteen years of age, strongly under the influence of bang. Bang is a native drug, somewhat similar to the Egyptian 'hashish;' it never stupefies, but produces a species of madness, varying according to the constitution and temperament of the consumer. The native drunkard generally uses bang in preference to rum, or any other spirituous drink. Indeed, unless a man has lost his caste, he seldom touches European drinks. The lowest caste, or rather men without any caste, use arrack—the native rum—to a large extent, as also do the soldiers (European) when they can get it. This youth was sitting with his back to the wall, and was singing impromptu verse, in the manner of an *improvisatore;* he used the most beautiful language, and his gestures were quite graceful (the Hindoo is a very graceful creature in all his motions); his face was very thin, and his large black eyes looked liked balls of fire; he had quite a spiritual appearance.

"We stopped and listened to him for some time, he, seemingly, quite unconscious of our presence, until at last Mohammed Bux became quite excited, and, clapping his hands, cried, 'Bahut nena' (very good), 'aur do' (give more).

"Now in this instance the bang took a very mild and pleasant form of exhibiting itself, making the young man, perhaps, more agreeable and entertaining than he would otherwise have been; not like in most cases, where it produces a frenzy, rendering the wretched creature who takes it dangerous to himself and every one within his reach.

"All those fanatics who 'run a muck' are well dosed with bang before they attempt such a thing; at least they have all the appearance of it.

"There was a 'muck' run through the city of Allyghur while I was stationed at the fort, and several people were killed. Three fanatics, having provided themselves with hatchets, ran through the most crowded part of the Hindoo portion of the city, cutting to the right and left, and bringing down a man at every stroke. The thoroughfare was so narrow that the people could not get out of their way. They were at last cut down by some sowars (native cavalry).

"Our conductor pointed out to us a fine muscular Hindoo in a sound sleep, the picture of native health, and told us that he had only commenced taking opium, and that it would, after a while, take a much longer time before he would be in that happy state of oblivion. It seems that at first it simply produces an *un*refreshing sleep, from which one awakes with a headache, or at the best with a very heavy feeling about the head; then a small dose relieves very much, and so on. Like drinking, a man is drawn into it. After using it for a little while it produces a pleasurable, quiet state of excitement, which gradually gives way to slumber. In the final stage it becomes a necessary of life, the opium-smoker or eater being in the most miserable state of trembling weakness and depression until he becomes well dosed. Of the two, I think the abuse of intoxicating drink the lesser evil, although I have seen so very many fearful endings brought on by the bottle.

"Close to the end of the room I observed a man lying, apparently dead, his jaw having fallen, and with his eyes still open. Upon drawing the attention of our conductor to the man's state, he said:

"'Oh, he is not dead, but a few more suns will see him so.'

"I then asked him if men often died there, and he replied:

"'Frequently, daily; we get them carried home at night, and their friends being in expectation of the event, there is no noise made about it.'

"I then regretted having given my promise not to mention to the police any thing about this gentleman's establishment, yet if I had not done so I should not have been permitted to see it. However, the police have many years ago found it out, and closed it forever.

"Our guide now led us up a few steps, and raising a crimson silk curtain, introduced us to the second room—that of the *élite*, where none of the *oi polloi* were admitted. This room was not so long as the first one, and was about twice as broad and much more lofty. It was hung all around with crimson silk curtains and golden tassels; the roof was beautifully gilded and decorated with paintings of birds, etc.; four or five large lamps were suspended by silver chains from the ceiling; these lamps were parti-colored green and red, resembling in every particular those used by the Mussulmans in their mosques. The air was filled with the perfume of jasmine mingled with a sweet incense, and of course the smoke of the opium, together with the others, produced a most delightful soothing sensation. This room was better ventilated than the other, and not so crowded. Each smoker and chewer had a magnificent soft velvet Persian rug to lie on, and a multitude of pillows covered with silk handsomely embroidered. The occupants were of a wealthy class, dressed in valuable silks and Cashmere shawls, and covered with jewelry. I here recognized many faces that I was in the habit of seeing every evening on the *course* (the Fifth Avenue of Calcutta) in carriages. We did not stay long here, as the Hindoo swells might be annoyed at our presence. There were some wealthy merchants among them, and they all had the fat, greasy appearance of well-to-do natives.

"There are many of these opium-houses in all the large cities of India; more in the large cities of the Northwest and Bengal than in Calcutta; for Calcutta, although the largest European city in India, is comparatively a small place, Allahabad, Benares, Agra, and many others of the native cities being much larger. It would be impossible to discover and put a stop to them in these places, as we have but a small number of Europeans stationed some miles away from the native city, and the police in the Mofussil are all natives, and very likely addicted to the pet vices of their fellow-countrymen.

GOURMANDS AND GORMANDIZING.

THE word the French use as a term, if not of honor, certainly of approval, is with us changed into a term of reproach; so much, even in small matters, do the two nations differ. The dictionary of the Academy defines a Gourmand, as Dr. Johnson also does, as synonymous with a glutton. In the Encyclopædia gormandizing is translated as "a demoralized love of good cheer;" but the Abbé Robaud, in his synonyms, is more favorable to gourmands, describing them as "persons who love to eat and make good cheer." They must eat, but not eat without selection. Below the judicious and self-restraining epicure, the sensible and tolerant abbé places four classes of people. First, the Friand—the person who likes all sorts of dainties, especially sweetmeats and dessert. The Goinfre is a monster who has an appetite so brutal that he swallows with ravening mouth every thing he comes near; he eats and eats for the sake of eating. Next appears the Goulu (the shark), the wretch who snatches with avidity, swallows rather than eats, and gobbles rather than chews. Last of all comes that very discreditable creature, the Glutton, who eats with an audible and disagreeable noise, and with such voracity that one morsel scarcely waits for another, and all disappears before him, absorbed as it were in a bottomless abyss. Such are the subtleties of the highly refined language of our neighbors. For all these expressions we have but the feeble epithets of epicure, alderman, greyhound, wolf. We are obliged, indeed, to borrow from the French the two words Gourmand and Gourmet. By the first, meaning those who eat largely, without much regard to quality; by the second, those who study and appreciate the higher branches of cooking.

A friend of Dreikopf's has ascertained, after twenty years' experiments, that it takes thirty-two movements of the upper and lower jaws to cut and grind a morsel of meat sufficiently to allow it to be safely swallowed. The age and strength of the person, and the quality of the molars and incisors, are also, of course, to be taken into account, which drives one to algebra and vulgar fractions; but the rule is a good general one, and may be trusted to. This is philosophy indeed; and yet a man may use his teeth very well without knowing a word of it. It would not have helped that notorious eater, the Abbé de Liongeac, who, as the legend in Paris restaurants goes, would often for a wager eat thirty-six dozens of small pâtés. The abbé was, moreover, a little fragile-looking man, who looked as if a jelly would not melt in his mouth.

One of the most heartless things ever done was a trick once played on Pope, the epicurean actor. A wicked friend asked him to dine off a small turbot and a boiled aitchbone of beef, apologizing for the humble fare with the usual feigned humility of friends.

"Why, it's the very thing I like," said Pope, in his reply, referring to the aitchbone. "I will come, my son, with all the pleasure in life."

He came, he saw, he ate; ate till he grew nearer the table, and could eat no more. He had just laid down his knife and fork, like a soldier tired of war's alarms, when a bell was rung, and in came a smoking haunch of venison. Pope saw the trick at once; he cast a look of bitter reproach upon his friend, trifled with a large slice, then again dropped his now utterly useless weapons, and burst into hysterical and unrestrainable tears.

"A friend of twenty years' standing," he sobbed, "and to be deceived in this manner!"

A dinner was given to Lord Chesterfield, on his quitting the office of Master of the Buckhounds, at the Clarendon. Thirty persons sat down. It was ordered by Count d'Orsay, an epicure of the highest taste, and the price was six guineas a head. A dinner got up at the Albion, under the auspices of Sir William Curtis, cost the party between thirty and forty pounds apiece; but then special messengers had been sent to Westphalia to choose hams. Lord Southampton once gave a dinner at the Albion at ten guineas a head.

Of modern epicures Cambacérès, Second Consul under the Empire, and afterward Napoleon's faithful Chancellor, was the most pre-eminent. This excellent minister was as fond of business as he was of good eating, for, with all his indolence and epicureanism, he worked hard enough to satisfy even Bonaparte. On one occasion (it is said when the fate of the Duke d'Enghien was discussing) Cambacérès was detained very late; as the hour of dinner approached, the minister betrayed unmistakable, and indeed irrepressible, symptoms of impatience, anxiety, and restlessness. At last, unable to control himself, he sat down at an escritoir in the council-room and wrote a note, which he called a gentleman-usher to carry. Napoleon smiled, and nodded to an aid-de-camp to intercept the important dispatch. When it was brought him Cambacérès turned red and begged, like a chidden school-boy, that his notes on small domestic matters might not be read aloud. Napoleon, however, had a will, and he persisted. It was a billet-doux to the cook, containing only these impressive words:

"Preserve the entremets; the roasts are lost."

When Napoleon was pleased with foreign embassadors, he used to send them, for a treat, to "Go and dine with Cambacérès." The Emperor was once very angry with the Cour des Comptes for disallowing an item of three hundred francs for trout, charged to Cambacérès by the municipality of Geneva.

Brillat Savarin published his famous book, "The Physiology of Taste," in 1825. It was written on the principles of the Almanac des Gourmands (commenced in 1803), and was the first recognized attempt to treat gastronomy as an intellectual pursuit and a positive profession. Brillat, born at Belley, in 1755, was a judge of the Court of Cassation, and a member of most of the French scientific societies. He began life successfully as an advocate, and in 1789 was elected a member of the Constituent Assembly. He joined the moderate party, did his best to avert cruelty and oppression, and was appointed President of the Civil Tribunal for the department of L'Ain. Proscribed during the red terror, Brillat fled to Switzerland, where he consoled himself with science and cooking. He then emigrated to this country where a vast untrodden prairie of gastronomy lay before him. He lived here by teaching French and music. It is said that, having been once out with Jefferson, he shot a wild-turkey. Jefferson, on their way home, began relating interesting anecdotes of Washington and the War of Independence. Seeing M. Savarin quite absent and paying no attention, Jefferson stopped, a little nettled, and was about to leave him.

"My dear Sir," said the epicure in exile, "I beg ten thousand pardons, but I was just thinking how I should dress my wild-turkey."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A MINISTER met a parishioner who had come into possession of a handsome property by the death of his brother, and inquired how he was getting along. "Oh!" said he, "I am having a dreadful time; what with getting out letters of administration, and attending probate court, and settling claims, I sometimes almost wish he hadn't died."

Where should one always expect to find a bountiful supply of the milk of human kindness?—Within the *pale* of the church.

HINTS FOR LADIES.

When your husband returns home at night let him find the fire out, his tea and toast cold, and you reading a novel.

If he tells you his expenses are more than his income, and proposes to move in to a smaller house, sit down and cry about it. Tell him you always lived in a large house before you were married.

If at the end of a few months he fails in business don't make the best of his misfortunes, or help him bear his troubles by giving your sympathy, but cry as though your heart would break.

Hint occasionally before him how much higher position you held in society before than since your marriage.

If he has business to call him out in the evening, be sure and fret, when he returns, about his being out nights; and about his disliking to be at home with his family.

Whine every time he comes into the house about being tied at home. Then, if he proposes to take you and the children out to ride, tell him you are tired half to death and don't want to ride.

Follow out these hints faithfully, and in return you will have as impatient and as discontented a husband as can be found, and one who will come home only at eating and sleeping hours; and you may be thankful to see him then.

A QUEER PLACE IN WHICH TO FIND DRY-GOODS—In a lady's waterfall.

Goldsmith is supposed to have referred to the Grecian bend when he wrote "She Stoops to Conquer."

"Doctor," said a patient to one of the great hydropathic lights, whom ill-health had obliged him to consult—"Doctor, do you think a little spirits now and then would hurt me very much?" "Why, no, Sir," answered the doctor, deliberately; "I do not know that a little now and then would hurt you very much, but if you don't take any, you won't be hurt at all."

A negro, after gazing at the Chinese, exclaimed: "If de white folks is dark as dat out dare, I wonder what's de color ob de niggers?"

The other day Mrs. Muggins, finding herself unwell, sent for a doctor, and in the presence of Muggins and the medical man declared her belief that she was "poisoned," and that he (Muggins) had done it. "I didn't do it," shouted Muggins, "it's all gammon, she isn't poisoned. Prove it, doctor—*open her* upon the spot—I'm willing."

All flowers of speech spring from tu-lips.

"Miss Smith, may I ask the time?" said Sprig, last evening. Lady consults her dummy watch. "Certainly, Mr. Sprig—let me see—about, I should say about—time to go home." Sprig inserts his head into his tile with an emphasis, and bids Miss Smith a good-evening with a jerk.

IMPUDENT QUESTIONS.

To ask a lawyer if he ever told a lie.
To ask a doctor how many persons he had killed.
To ask a lady whether she would like a beau.
To ask a minister to take something to drink.
To ask a subscriber if he has paid the printer.
To ask a merchant if he has ever cheated a customer.
To ask an editor the name of any of his correspondents.
To ask a man to lend you his pocket-book.

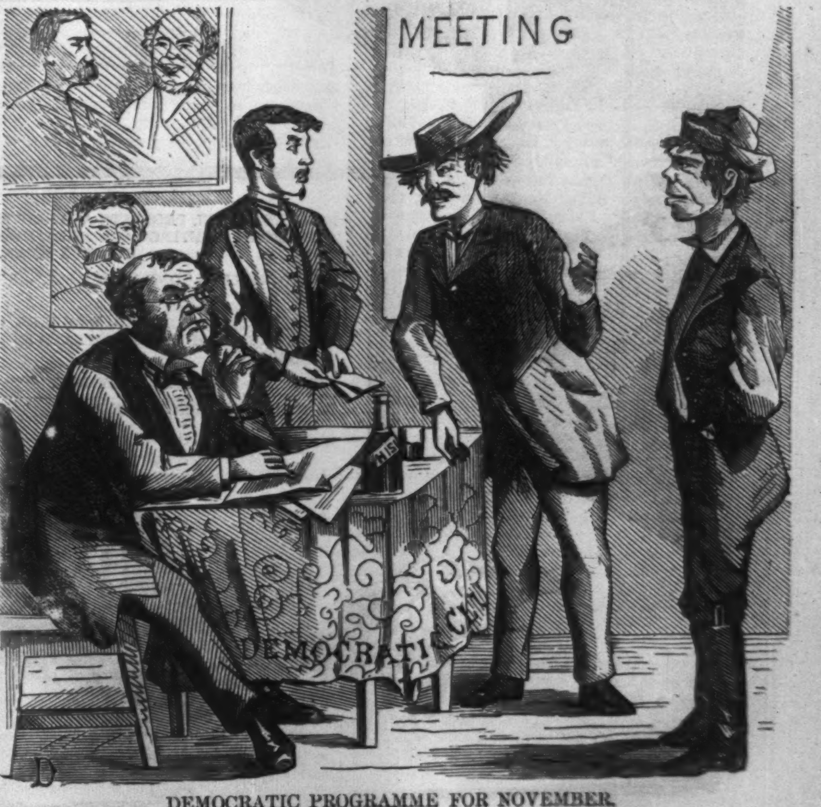
SLANDERING AN OLD CUSTOMER—Speaking against Time.

A little girl was a short time ago listening to an argument concerning the great hereafter, when she suddenly went to her aunt and asked her what people did when they went to heaven. Knowing no better answer, her aunt replied that they played on golden harps. "All the time?" asked the child. "All the time," said the aunt. "Then," said the child, "I don't want to go there, for I would get tired; and, besides, I don't like music."

A tombstone in a village cemetery in the interior of Pennsylvania is adorned by a piece of sculpture which brings in relief a colt, a boy, and a tree. The colt is represented as kicking the boy in the stomach; and the epitaph is in this wise:

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF
HENRY HARRIS.
Born June 27, 1821, of Henry Harris and Jane his wife. Died on the 4th of May, 1837, by the kick of a colt in his bowels, peacefully and quiet, a friend to his father and mother, and respected by all who knew him, and went to that world where horses can't kick, and where sorrow and weeping is no more.

THE ONLY LOVE THAT IS STRONG AS DEATH—Pulmonary affection.

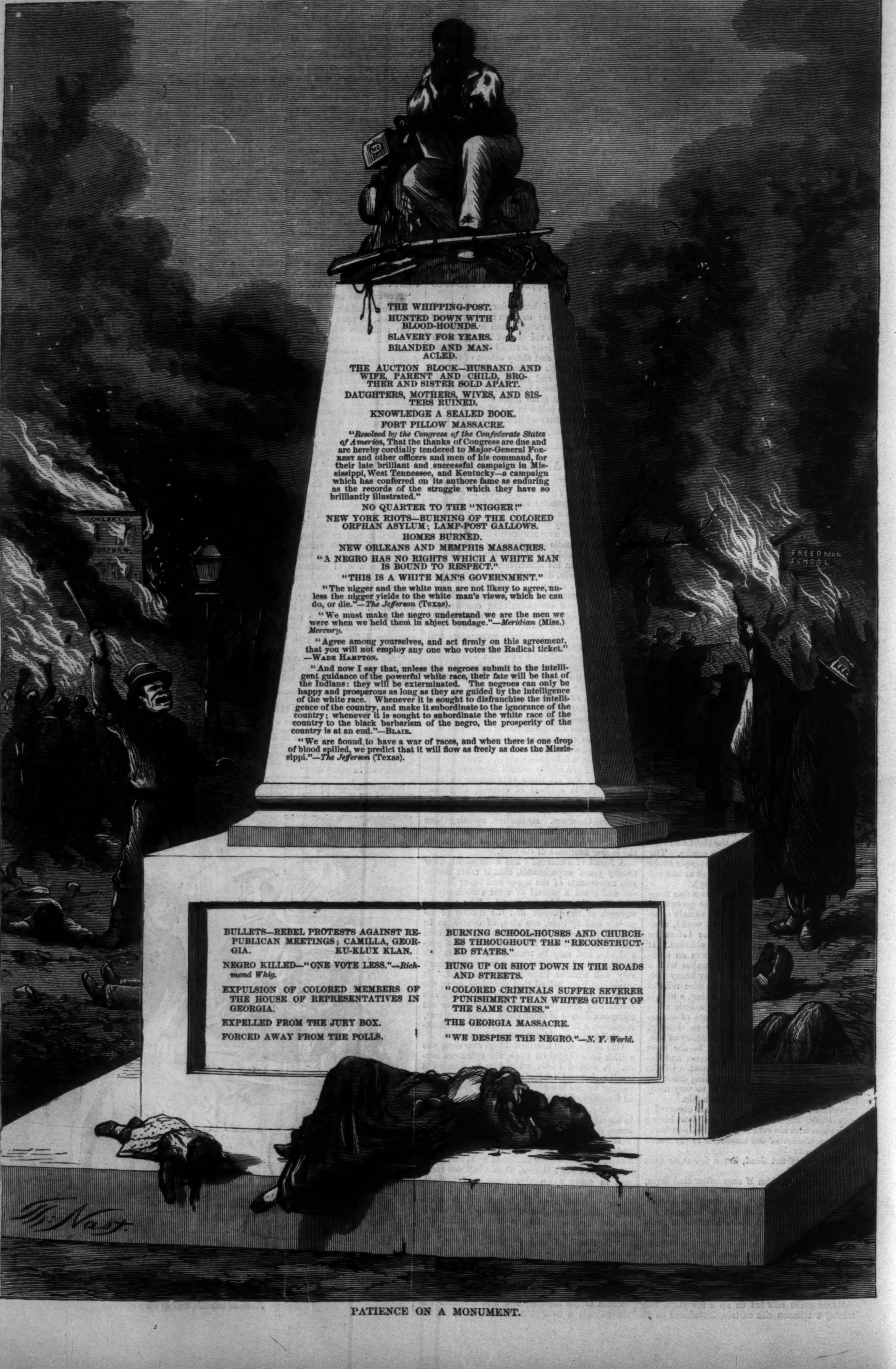


DEMOCRATIC PROGRAMME FOR NOVEMBER.

FIRST DEMOCRATIC REPEATER. "Mr. President, this is Mike M'Ginnis; wants to join our Club. He's got lots of naturalization papers, and is going to vote 'em in every ward—he is."

SECOND DEMOCRATIC REPEATER. "You bet!"

[*The qualifications are at once decided to be sufficient, the candidate is declared eligible, and at once enrolled.*

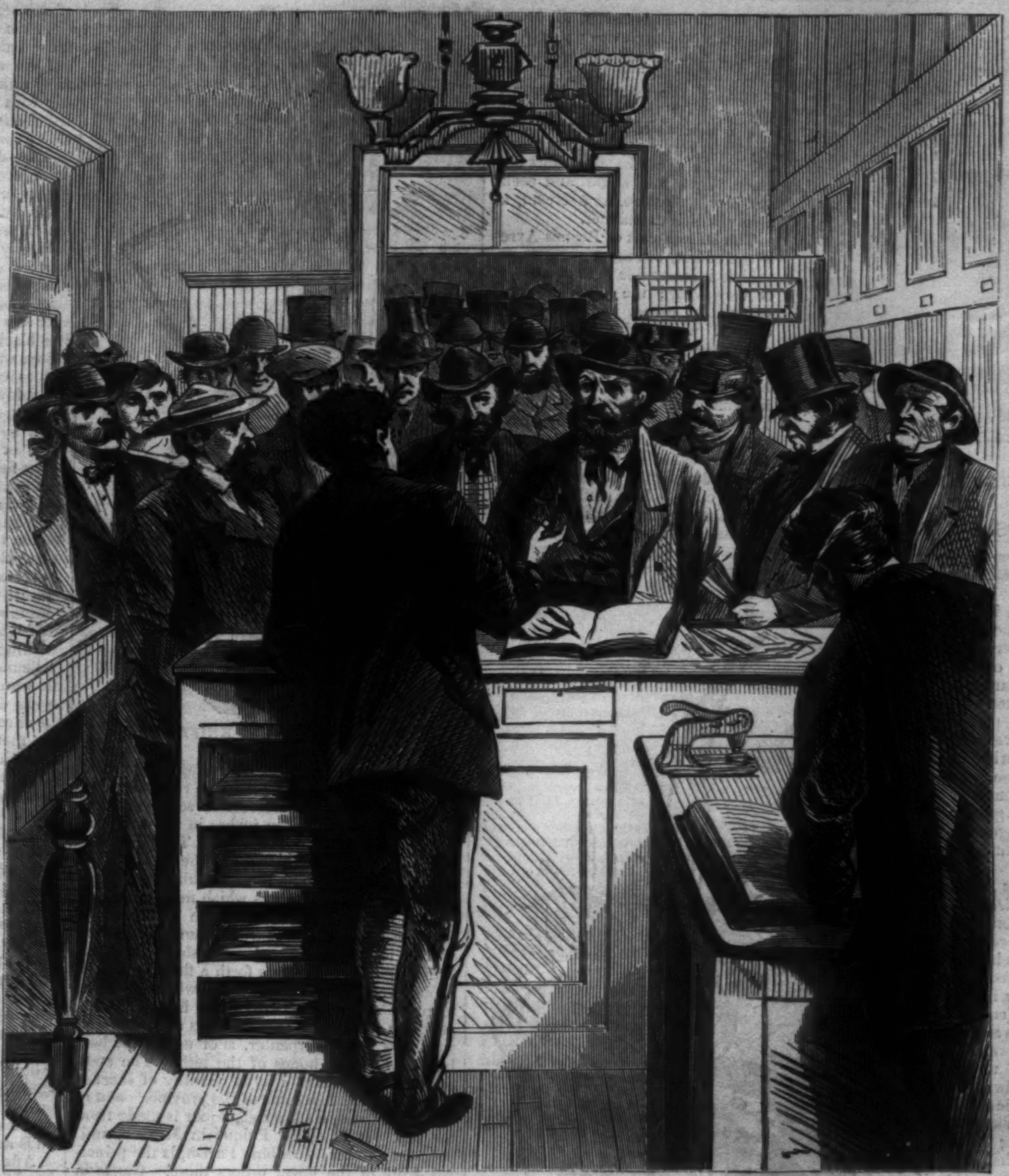

THE WHIPPING-POST.
HUNTED DOWN WITH BLOOD-HOUNDS.
SLAVERY FOR YEARS.
BRANDED AND MANACLED.
THE AUCTION BLOCK—HUSBAND AND WIFE, PARENT AND CHILD, BROTHER AND SISTER SOLD APART.
DAUGHTERS, MOTHERS, WIVES, AND SISTERS RUINED.
KNOWLEDGE A SEALED BOOK.
FORT PILLOW MASSACRE.
"*Resolved by the Congress of the Confederate States of America*, That the thanks of Congress are due and are hereby cordially tendered to Major-General FORREST and other officers and men of his command, for their late brilliant and successful campaign in Mississippi, West Tennessee, and Kentucky—a campaign which has conferred on its authors fame as enduring as the records of the struggle which they have so brilliantly illustrated."
NO QUARTER TO THE "NIGGER!"
NEW YORK RIOTS—BURNING OF THE COLORED ORPHAN ASYLUM; LAMP-POST GALLOWS.
HOMES BURNED.
NEW ORLEANS AND MEMPHIS MASSACRES.
"A NEGRO HAS NO RIGHTS WHICH A WHITE MAN IS BOUND TO RESPECT."
"THIS IS A WHITE MAN'S GOVERNMENT."
"The nigger and the white man are not likely to agree, unless the nigger yields to the white man's views, which he can do, or die."—*The Jefferson* (Texas).
"We must make the negro understand we are the men we were when we held them in abject bondage."—*Meridian* (Miss.) *Mercury*.
"Agree among yourselves, and act firmly on this agreement, that you will not employ any one who votes the Radical ticket."—WADE HAMPTON.
"And now I say that, unless the negroes submit to the intelligent guidance of the powerful white race, their fate will be that of the Indians: they will be exterminated. The negroes can only be happy and prosperous as long as they are guided by the intelligence of the white race. Whenever it is sought to disfranchise the intelligence of the country, and make it subordinate to the ignorance of the country; whenever it is sought to subordinate the white race of the country to the black barbarism of the negro, the prosperity of the country is at an end."—BLAIR.
"We are bound to have a war of races, and when there is one drop of blood spilled, we predict that it will flow as freely as does the Mississippi."—*The Jefferson* (Texas).
BULLETS—REBEL PROTESTS AGAINST REPUBLICAN MEETINGS; CAMILLA, GEORGIA. KU-KLUX KLAN.
NEGRO KILLED—"ONE VOTE LESS."—*Richmond Whig.*
EXPULSION OF COLORED MEMBERS OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES IN GEORGIA.
EXPELLED FROM THE JURY BOX.
FORCED AWAY FROM THE POLLS.
BURNING SCHOOL-HOUSES AND CHURCHES THROUGHOUT THE "RECONSTRUCTED STATES."
HUNG UP OR SHOT DOWN IN THE ROADS AND STREETS.
"COLORED CRIMINALS SUFFER SEVERER PUNISHMENT THAN WHITES GUILTY OF THE SAME CRIMES."
THE GEORGIA MASSACRE.
"WE DESPISE THE NEGRO."—*N. Y. World.*
COLORED ORPHAN
FREEDMAN SCHOOL
KKK
Th. Nast

PATIENCE ON A MONUMENT.

NATURALIZATION OF FOREIGNERS.

In view of the coming presidential election the manufacture of voters in the various courts of New York city and county by naturalization progresses with unusual vigor, but a still greater pressure is threatened in a short time by the Democratic leaders. Great efforts are making to prevent frauds; lists of the persons naturalized and their residences are published in the Republican papers, and committees of Republican clubs visit the houses and make inquiry as to the existence of the persons. A common method of obtaining naturalization papers for voting purposes is for the rascal applying to give a false address. In this way it is stated that in 1867, one house, containing not more than four or five voters, was set down on the court records as the residence of no fewer than sixty-eight applicants for naturalization.

The rate of manufacture at this time is about one hundred a day. Our engravings on this page illustrate the method of obtaining the certificates. The would-be citizen first visits the Naturalization Bureau room, City Hall, and obtains a certificate setting forth that he has made an application for citizenship at that office, and that such application has been duly filed and the fees paid. With this stamped certificate he presents himself at the bar of one of the city or county courts and undergoes a cross-questioning on the part of the Judge. His friends or witnesses are also examined as to his character, antecedents, as to the length of his residence in this country, etc. If he "passes" the Judge he presents himself at the desk of the clerk and takes the oath. He is then a citizen of this great and liberal Government, and authorized to vote at the next election as seemeth to him best—whether for Grant and Peace, or Seymour and Revolution.



SECURING CERTIFICATES OF NATURALIZATION IN THE CLERK'S OFFICE, CITY HALL.
[Sketched by Stanley Fox.]

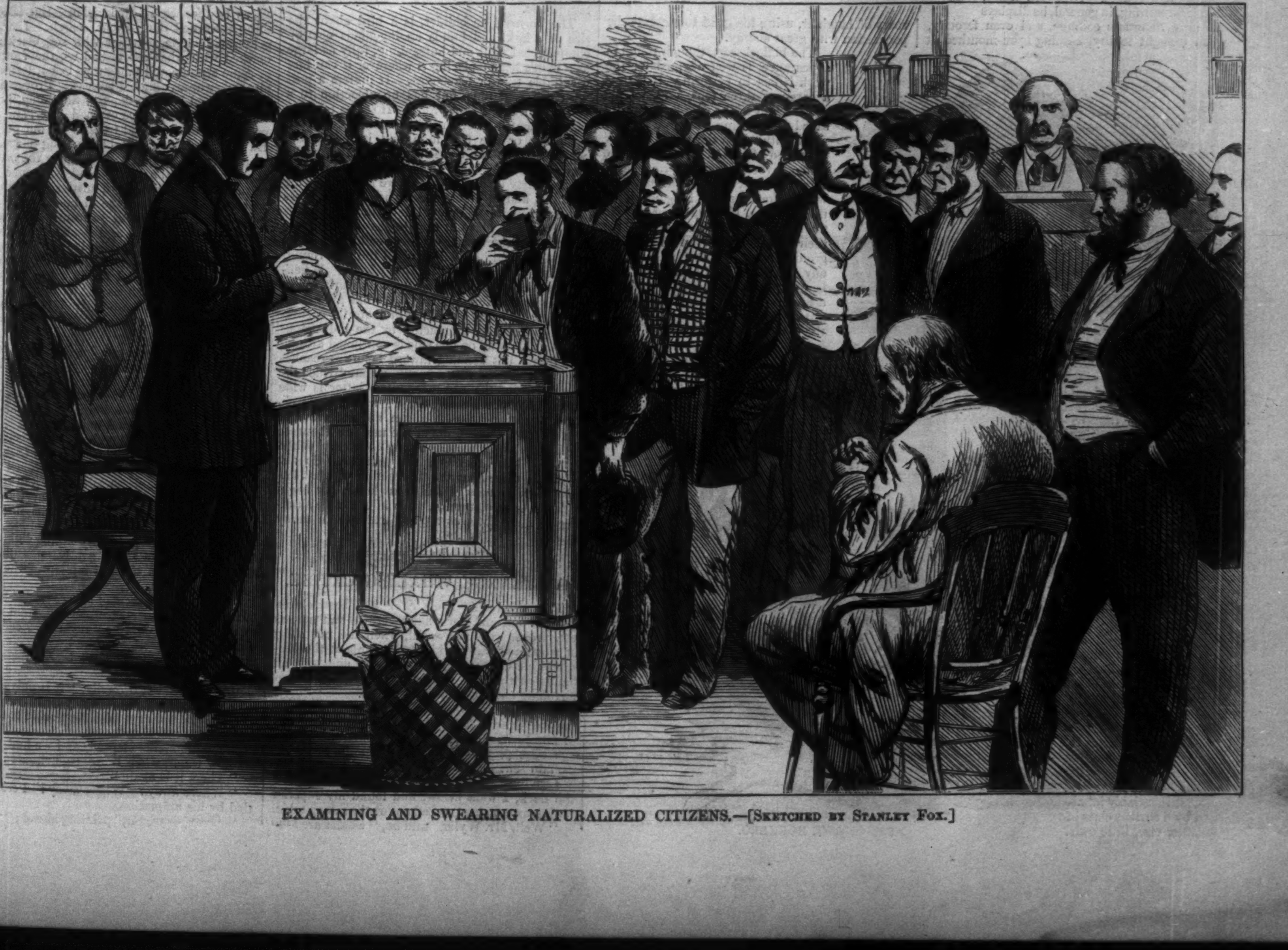
THE YACHT RACE.

The race by the yachts of the New York Club for the services of plate given by Vice-Commodore James Gordon Bennett, Jun., on September 22, was the most spirited of the season, and was witnessed by a large number of persons on the boats which accompanied the contesting yachts. Our illustrations on page 644 will give the reader who is unfamiliar with yachting races a clear idea of the most interesting points of the contest.

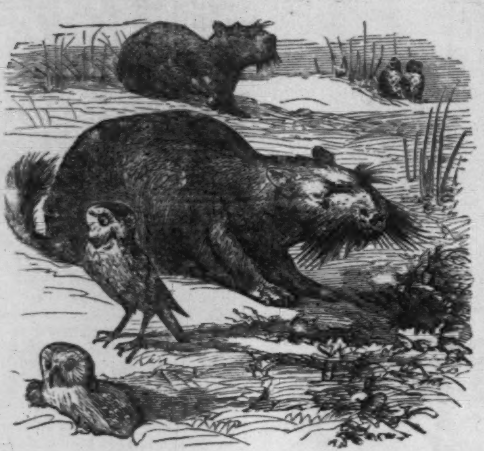
Five sloops and three yachts made "the start" from the stake-boat, anchored in the Narrows opposite the yacht Club House; the sloops moved off in handsome style in a cluster; the schooners *Sylvie* and *Phantom* slipped their anchors, but the *Palmer* for some reason had to raise hers, and thus fell far behind at the start. The race was closely contested to the Southwest Spit. This, the first point in the race, was rounded in admirable order. The *White Wing* was compelled to make a tack just as she reached the buoy, and thus lost the place which she had previously held. The schooners were far apart at this time, the *Sylvie* leading, the *Phantom* next, and the *Palmer*, struggling manfully, far behind. But just at the Southwest Spit the *Sylvie*, which had been running too close to the wind, was compelled, like the *White Wing*, to tack, and the *Phantom* came up with her.

The race of the sloops to the Sandy Hook light-ship was less exciting. The *Addie V.* turned the light-ship first, the *Sadie* being second, the *Gracie* third, the *White Wing* last of the sloops, the *Nettle* having abandoned the race. The race of the schooners was more interesting. The *Phantom* kept well ahead, and turned the boat first, the *Sylvie* next, but the *Palmer* was only three minutes behind her. From this homeward the *Sylvie* had no chance. The *Phantom* had outmanœuvred her at the Spit; the *Palmer* outsailed her to and from the light-ship, passing her easily before reaching the Spit on the return. The *Phantom*, too, sailed finely, and reached the stake-boat ahead of the sloops, winning the race handsomely. The *Addie V.*, of the sloops, came in first, and both winners were greeted with four guns from the *Dauntless*, the yacht of the Vice-Commodore, anchored off the Club House. The *Palmer* came in second of the schooners, having proved to be the worst managed and the best sailing vessel in the contest.

On the conclusion of the race the guests and yachtmen adjourned to the Club House, where the prizes, consisting of two sets of silver, were presented by Vice-Commodore Bennett to the winners. These handsome prizes were manufactured by Messrs. Tiffany & Co. of this city, and cost Mr. Bennett five hundred dollars each. Each set consists of a large punch-bowl and wine-cooler, finished and ornamented in the highest style of the art. The bases of the punch-bowls are formed by an anchor, buoy, and cable, while the top is surmounted by a head of Neptune. The wine-cooler is of the usual bucket shape, but ornamented with new and appropriate designs emblematical of the enticing sport in which they were won. Vice-Commodore Bennett is doing much to encourage this noble, though sometimes dangerous and always costly pastime, and his efforts are fully appreciated by the yachting fraternity.



EXAMINING AND SWEARING NATURALIZED CITIZENS.—[Sketched by Stanley Fox.]



BISCACHAS.

SKETCHES IN BUENOS AYRES.

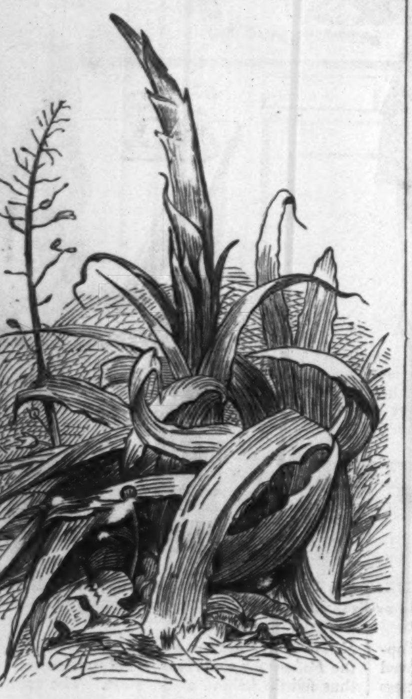
The engravings which we present to our readers in this article are from sketches made in Buenos Ayres.

The carrying of sheath-knives in the city is forbidden by law; but the prohibition, if it extends to the country, is a dead letter there. Every one openly (and sometimes ostentatiously) carries a knife in his belt, and it is too often employed to settle disputes. The proper *Gaucho* knife is a formidable weapon, having a broad blade about sixteen inches long; but various kinds are in use.

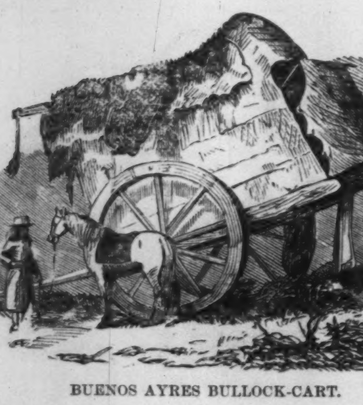
Facons, or short swords, are common, similar in pattern to, but of much greater length than, the knife here engraved. The hilts and sheaths are frequently of real or imitation silver.

The immense plains of Buenos Ayres swarm with an animal called the *biscacha*. It is classed by naturalists among the family of *Chinchillidæ*, and the order of *Rodentia*. It is nocturnal in its habits, and feeds on grass or on the roots of the gigantic thistles which grow in impenetrable jungles all over the country in summer; for the exact nature of its diet is as yet undecided. It dwells in deep and roomy chambers, underground, to which there are always a number of passages communicating with the surface—tunnels large enough to admit a boy. By destroying large pieces of pasture, the biscacha has created a host of remorseless enemies. He is suffocated by brimstone fumes blown into his subterranean quarters by a machine, and is shot by guns. In winter water is conducted by drains into his burrow (and it requires an astonishing quantity of water to fill it), and when compelled to come forth he is attacked by dogs and spades. Although timid, or at least retiring, in general, he displays the most dauntless courage, and even ferocity, when brought to bay, rushing open-mouthed at men and dogs, and giving ugly bites with his long incisors. About sunset the biscacha comes out to breathe the air, and may be seen sitting gravely at the mouth of his burrow; and he permits the traveler, and all the more readily when on horseback, to approach within a few yards of him without moving, when, all at once, as if some dreadful suspicion had entered his brain, he pops into his hole, uttering his strange, indescribable cry as he retreats underground. In moonlight nights biscachas are to be seen, like black spots, all over the plains, and when a gun is fired the whole air resounds with their peculiar cries, mingled with those of owls and lapwings. Biscacha burrows are also almost invariably inhabited by a curious class of tenants, viz., little owls. These venture abroad at all hours of the day, although we suspect their vision is rather weak in the glare of noon. They sit blinking at the mouth of the common burrows, turning their heads rapidly from side to side, as if in great perplexity, when you pass, and then flutter off, like large moths, to a short distance, where they alight, and beck, and bow, and stare, and scream, in a very ludicrous manner.

The bullock-cart of Buenos Ayres is the rudest, but most picturesque, vehicle it is possible to imagine. It is very lofty; the sides are constructed of canes, and the roof is covered with hides. This monstrous machine is provided with a wooden axle, and is mounted on huge unshod wheels about eight feet in diameter. It is drawn by six bullocks. The savage-looking driver sits, armed with a long cane having a sharp spike in the end, on the yoke, between the heads of the two shaft oxen. The axle is never greased, the groaning and creaking it makes, so horrible to a human ear, being thought to encourage the cattle; and the driver, at any difficult part of the way, as an additional stimulant, gives vent to the most diabolical shouts and roars of laughter, using his goad to increase the persuasion with great energy.



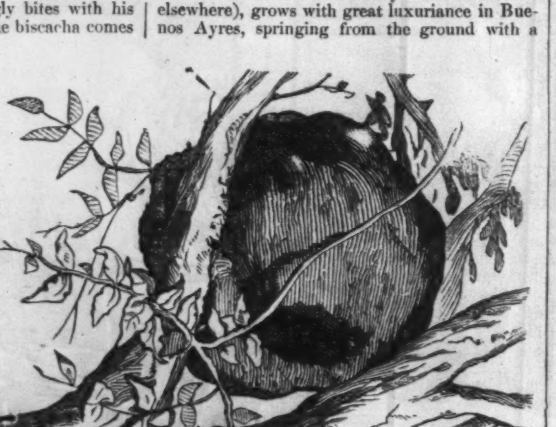
TUNA PLANT.



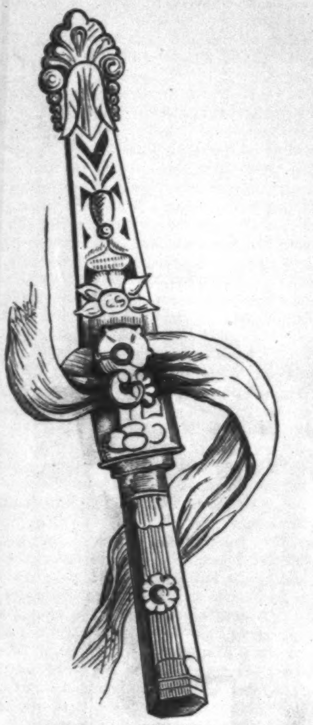
BUENOS AYRES BULLOCK-CART.

The bullock-cart, though rough in appearance, is well adapted for the work it has to perform. It carries a cargo of three tons, and, by the great height of the wheels, goods are saved from being damaged by the water with which the whole country is flooded in winter. Almost all the traffic in the Argentine Provinces is carried on by these bullock-carts, which often perform long journeys, though at a slow rate. Many of their drivers have no homes but their carts. They sleep on the ground, with a hide for a bed, in any kind of weather, and have learned from long practice to make a fire, to roast meat, and infuse *maté* out of any sort of materials and in the most unfavorable places.

The Tuna, a species of aloe (stunted specimens of which may be seen at the Crystal Palace and elsewhere), grows with great luxuriance in Buenos Ayres, springing from the ground with a crowd of leaves, each leaf seeming determined to elbow its way whether there be room for it or not. Some of the leaves attain seven or eight feet in length, about ten inches in breadth, and five or six inches in thickness. They are covered with a leathery skin; but the inside is as soft as a turnip. The internal substance, however, is composed of fibres which make excellent sewing thread and cloth; twine and cordage have been manufactured from them. The edges of the leaves are armed with sharp prickles. This singular plant sends forth a flowering stalk about twenty-five feet in height, which grows to maturity within a few weeks, and has all the appearance of a tree. This spurious tree, although worthless to the carpenter, is of use to the barber, who makes hones of the pith. The stalk of the aloe contains a large quantity of saccharine matter, and in some of the provinces, and in other countries, a spirituous liquor is made from the sap. It is called Pulqué in Mexico, and, according to Sir Woodbine Parish, is the principal drink of the lower orders there. Cattle in Buenos Ayres, as the same excellent authority informs us, eagerly watch the fall of the stalk, and get intoxicated on the juice. The tuna is used as a fence; but is held in small esteem as such, being apt, when it falls, to take the bank it is intended to support down with it, as a drunkard does his family. The eight-sided cactus is also used as a fence, and makes a most grotesque one.



NEST OF THE HORNERO.



BUENOS AYRES KNIFE.

The *hornero*, or builder, is a bird about the size of a lark, and builds an ingenious nest of compounded mud and horse-dung, fully as large as a man's head—placing it wherever it can find a suitable tree or fence-post. It prefers a post with a forked top; but has no objection to a fork with a single bent prong. It seems to scorn concealment, and often builds upon the top of a post four or five feet high, and in a situation where the nest can be seen half a mile off. We have seen nests built on the fence of a corral, where thirty or forty horses were shut up during the day, and in other places where disturbances were frequent. Conjugal love in many birds seems only to blaze at certain seasons; but the affection of the hornero is more enduring. You may see the faithful pair busy all the year round, building or repairing their happy home. Whenever a shower falls they are hard at work. The nest, when half completed, looks like a bowl set on edge, and every addition of material is carefully pecked and compacted by the industrious birds. The wall on one side is continued around the front; but bending inward before it reaches the outer edge, forms a partition that divides the interior from the entrance. The latter is wide enough to admit a man's hand; which, however, from the strong partition, can not penetrate to the interior. The walls of the nest are about an inch thick, and almost as strong as brick. When a nest is knocked down, the poor birds do not fly off in despair at the destruction of what has cost them months of assiduous labor, but begin at once to build it anew, often in the same situation. They show us a good example in many ways.

A STRANGE WHALING CRUISE.

The good ship *Lone Star* had been eleven months out, and her whaling cruise had not, as yet, proved very successful, when she ran short of wood and water while beating about the Mozambique Channel under easy sail, and with all hands on the look-out for any sperm-whale unfortunate enough to heave in sight.

It was my first voyage as mate, and I was pacing the quarter-deck in no very enviable frame of mind—for my share in the profits of the voyage were promising to be but small—when the captain sent for me to join him in the cabin.

Leaving one of our boat-steerers in charge of the deck, I went below, and found my superior poring over a chart spread out on the saloon table.

"Well, Mr. Wylie," said he, "whales are kind of scarce, so I am thinking of putting into the Comorin Islands for a supply of wood and water. Take a look at the chart."

I did so, and found that we were only about forty miles from the land referred to. Coinciding with the captain's view, I received his instructions, and returned on deck to alter the ship's course and steer for the islands.

That day we made but little progress. Toward noon the light and fitful breeze fled altogether, nor could our most ancient mariners woo back its coy presence with their indefatigable and superstitious whistling.

Slowly and regularly the trim *Lone Star* rose and fell upon the steady heavings of the glassy sea. Strange, leaden-colored fish, of dolphin-shape, but otherwise unlike any finny denizen I ever saw before, swam lazily around our motionless black hull; odd-looking jelly-fish, slimy and shiny, with huge and hairy feelers stretching far out to clutch their prey, floated among them; unwieldy, almost shapeless, and altogether useless sun-fish sculled slowly past us with their two great side fins. Now and then, with a sudden plash of the smooth waters, a shoal of silvery flying-fish would dart into the air, and skim swiftly along on outstretched wing, just dip upon the surface of the water again to damp their drying pinions, and then double off in another direction to elude their relentless and untiring enemies—the fierce albicore and the nimble bonita—ever on their track, darting along a foot or so beneath the surface. Ravenous, unfaltering, and determined, these fish-eating fish would follow the frightened little fugitives till some poor winged thing fell tired and despairing into the fang-glistening jaws just thrust an inch or two out of the water to catch it. Here the swift and glittering dolphin, swiftest of all fish, would chase the silvery prey with inconceivable rapidity, now and then revealing its course by immense bounds through the air, often of twenty yards and more; there, an ominous-looking, tall, black object, standing still and upright from the water, told where lay the lurking and quiescent shark—for that ugly angular thing was his straight dorsal fin; while the gaudily-striped black and golden little pilot-fish might be seen shooting about beneath the vessel's quarter, every now and then darting off to its savage lord and master. Birds of gorgeous plumage, unknown name, and curious cry, came ever and anon, to gaze for a moment at our long black ship and her taper spars; and then off they flew among the brilliant little insects and splendidly-painted butterflies which were winging their frail flights across the bosom of the sleeping Mozambique Channel.

However, during the early hours of the night a light breeze sprang up, so that we made the land soon after midnight, when we stood off and on till daylight, and then sailed slowly into the sheltered anchorage formed by the Comorin Islands and the neighboring main land of Africa.

After coming to an anchor all hands went to breakfast, and when the cravings of the inner man had become duly satisfied, I armed the crew of my own whale-boat, and set off for the shore on a reconnoitring expedition, in order to ascertain whether any natives—hostile or peaceable—were to be met with, and also to pick out the most likely spots whence to obtain a supply of wood and water.

Hoisting the sail, a light fair wind soon wafted us to the nearest little islet. But here nothing rewarded our patient search. Low, impenetrable jungle, together with soft black mud, marked with what astonished us, the footprints of some strange and monstrous beast, formed an altogether uninviting wilderness. Proceeding to the next and largest island of the group, however, we found abundance of good water, and a fair proportion of dry wood trees fit for our purpose. Having selected a suitable landing-place, and seen no trace of inhabitants, I gave the order to shove off, and the boat's head was once more turned toward her massive mistress, looming fair and tall, at anchor in the distance. The main land was only a mile or so from where we now lay on our oars; and as I gazed in that direction the temptation to visit it—the curiosity to explore a strange coast—came strong upon me.

"Well, boys," said I to my crew, "what do you say for a stretch as far as the shore away there? There is a leading wind, fair going and coming, and we might find better wood and water."

This latter expression of opinion was to save my dignity from suffering by any suspicion of idle curiosity.

Of course, my men were only too delighted at the prospect of a run ashore—the islands being small, uninteresting, and uninhabited.

Hauling aft the main-sheet, and keeping the boat away for the desired coast, I left Long Tom, my boat-steerer, in charge, and stretched myself out in the stern-sheets, while the rest of the crew followed my example by throwing themselves into the most comfortable positions they could find along the thwarts.

The breeze was gradually falling lighter, and for some time we sailed gently on, still and silent, save for the musical lap-lap of the ripples against our bows.

The soothing aspects of nature tended to throw me into a dreamy sort of reverie, from which I was suddenly aroused by my boat-steerer's exclamation:

"I saw a black skin shining in the sun just then, Sir."

"Well," said I, drowsily, "it is only a bottle-nose or porpoise."

And I did not even take the trouble to raise my head above the gunnel.

A few moments elapsed, and we had got into shallow water, when Long Tom shouted:

"There it is again!"

"Where away? Where away?" I cried, startled by his animation.

"There away, Sir," pointing ahead; "and it's no porpoise, nor bottle-nose, nor—any thing as ever I seed 'afore, as wears thick skin!"

All eyes were now straining to catch a glimpse of Long Tom's strange discovery.

"There she blows! There she blows!" came in chorus from my men, as a large black back rose slowly above the surface, rolled steadily over, with a motion just like that of a spouting or playing whale, and then sank out of sight only a short distance ahead.

"Wait a bit, my lads," said I. "Unship the mast; stow away the sail; then out oars, and we'll soon see what it is."

My orders were promptly obeyed. Then my sturdy oarsmen gave way with a will, and the light whale-boat was soon darting swiftly forward to where the object of our curiosity had last appeared.

I was standing on the bow platform, directing Long Tom at the steering oar, when suddenly we "brought up all standing" against something hard, upon which the boat had run "stem on, like a nor'west buffalo," as my mariners expressed it.

"Starn all! Starn all!" I roared.

As the boat was backed off, an enormous beast heavily raised its huge head out of the water, gave us a look, uttered a loud sort of snorting bellow, and then sank down again in the muddy water, through which we had not been able to discern it.

"Holy sailor, Bill!" I heard the bow oarsman say to his nearest shipmate. "What is it? I'm blessed if ever I saw such a thing afore, and I've been whaling, man and boy, nigh upon twenty years."

"Pass me up the iron, boys," said I, interrupting the conversation, "and if it comes within reach again we'll soon find out what kind of a creature it is."

A whale-boat is never without the gear of her profession; and so, when my men saw me handle the harpoon, they gave an approving shout, and eagerly gave way again in obedience to my order for them to pull ahead.

With iron poised and ready, I was intently watching for the strange monster's reappearance, when my boat-stearer cried:

"There they are, 'way inshore, there; a hull school ov 'em."

Sure enough, the glistening black backs tumbling about in the foamy white water showed where a number of the unknown fish or strange amphibious animals were enjoying themselves.

"Look out ahead, Sir! Look out ahead!" roared Tom again. "There's somethin' just broke water."

The next moment I had darted my iron into a back as broad as that of a whale calf, and was shouting:

"Starn all! Starn all! Back water, my boys!"

As the boat shot back and the line ran cut, the monster that I had harpooned made desperate plunges to reach us. As it rolled and tossed about in its agony and surprise, I saw enough of it to know that we had fixed a hippopotamus.

Giving a succession of savage roars, and vainly trying to grasp the firmly-holding iron with its tremendous teeth, the wounded beast sank down in the muddy water, here only a couple of fathoms deep. Then the air-bubbles rising to the surface as he breathed, together with the long crimson track as he bled, showed us exactly the course that he was taking, and this was direct for his companions sporting together inshore.

Our prey went at a great speed, considering his ponderous build, and we were compelled to follow, or cut the line—the last thing I thought of; so, in a very few moments we found ourselves right in the midst of the herd of hippopotami, whose huge, unshapely heads were rising all around, while the wicked glitter of their savage-looking little eyes seemed concentrated upon us with looks of wonder, fury, and surprise.

Just then, unable to stay beneath the surface any longer, the wounded monster rose to breathe, and then turned upon us with a terrific roar.

"Starn all! Starn all for your lives!" I shouted.

The tough ash oars urged us clear of the savage brute's charge, but then the boat-steerer cried:

"Hold on, Sir! Hold water! Here's half a dozen ov 'em astern coming right for us."

"Hold water, every man!" I roared; then, espying a clear course to the right, continued, "Pull the port oars. So! Now give way of all; give way, my lads! Pull for your lives!" And I was paying out line all the time.

But up from the murky water rose two of the brutes, one on either side, only a few feet distant, and with huge distended jaws they rushed upon us.

Snatching up one of the boat-axes, while Long Tom left his steering-oar to the next man, and similarly armed himself, I sprang to where one of the hippopotami was almost touching the gunnel, and then, with all my strength, dashed the keen axe-blade into its flat black nose. With a roar louder than that of a dozen wild bulls of Madagascar, the monster vanished, spouting blood. Long Tom had also succeeded in driving off its companion, though not before the latter had made a great rent in the side of the boat, and had also very nearly capsized her. A shudder ran through us at our narrow escape—we had not time for more.

The rest of the shoal had now come up, and were making the foam fly in every direction as they dashed through the water to attack us.

It was a terribly critical moment! We could no longer escape by rowing, for the monsters were all around. If once they should succeed in overturning our frail boat, we would assuredly perish horribly among them; their gleaming great tusks and wide gaping jaws would pitilessly rend and tear us limb from limb.

Very fortunately, it suddenly occurred to me that I had somewhere read of hippopotami being frightened at the noise of fire-arms, though I well knew that their amazingly tough skins were quite proof against ordinary spherical leaden bullets.

"Pick up your muskets—be quick, my lads!" I cried, acting upon the inspiration. "Let each man choose an object; then fire all together."

Just as the fierce little pig-like eyes were glaring close upon us, and the terrible white fangs were glistening in close proximity, the loud roar of our volley echoed across the water, and then the sulphurous smoke-wreaths hid the plunging monsters from our sight. At the same instant, however, one enormous beast reared its vast body half out of the sea, and every man shuddered as he expected it would dash our weak boat to atoms; but, at the flash and noise of the guns it fell back, though, even in doing so, it nearly capsized us, and half-filled our little craft with water. When the smoke cleared away, our formidable pursuers had disappeared. After a momentary pause in thankfulness at our marvelously narrow escape, the whaling spirit returned, and I said:

"Pass me a lance, Long Tom, and we'll settle the fellow we're fast to, any how. Give way, my hearties, and let the two bow hands haul in the line."

Proceeding thus, we soon came up with the wounded beast. Then, for a moment poising the bright lance over my right shoulder, I sent it deep to the heart of our unwieldy victim. With a few tremendous roars, and after a last desperate struggle to reach us, the strange amphibious creature went into its "flurry." After sinking for a few moments, it once more rose to the surface, and, like a dead whale, floated on its side.

With considerable trouble we managed to tow our prize alongside the *Lone Star*. Upon measuring the carcass we found it 14 feet from stem to stern—or rather, nose to tail—and no less than twenty-three in girth. It was an immense brute, sure enough. That night our mariners, long tired of salt junk, rejoiced over tender, succulent, and well-flavored hippopotamus steak, for we found the flesh of the monster remarkably good, even delicious.

GHEEL, A COLONY OF THE INSANE.

To the east of Anvars, in Brittany, is a place called Gheel, whose inhabitants, about 10,000 in number, and mostly employed in farm work, have admitted into their family life the insane, who form a tenth of their number. The cost of board ranges from $200 to $400 per annum. The Administration fixes a minimum cost for the poor. No family receives more than two or three insane persons. No particular style of dress or other conventional sign distinguishes the insane from others. This family life is suited to the affections, which often preserve their force after the intellect has lost its light. The influence of women and children is remarkably happy over the insane. The largest liberty is allowed, the patient may go and come, help in the work that is on hand, or be idle, at pleasure. Constraint is never used as a means of direction. The madman, who elsewhere is locked up like a dangerous wild beast, and whose mere approach excites the terror of women and of the timid, circulates freely at Gheel, in the houses, or abroad upon the street or high-road, through gardens and fields. As a general rule he is allowed to enter any public place; in the cafés he reads the papers, plays cards, or joins in conversation. On market-days he is only watched a little more closely if subject to certain freaks. Sympathy and example suffice to attract between half and two-thirds of the insane to useful labor. Females and the aged are interested in the duties of the household. Artisans find places in the local shops, others in field and garden work, where the aspects of nature, the open air, movement and variety render such work as salutary to the patient as it is helpful to their hosts. Among the arts, music especially affords amusements in which all participate. M. Duval tells us of a choral society founded by a mad violinist, nicknamed the Grand Colbert. His portrait adorns the room in which the Society meets to practice, previous to taking part in patriotic or religious fêtes. The church dedicated to Saint Dymphna, which in the twelfth century succeeded to the rude chapel in which the seventh century saint worshiped, is ever open to her poor devotees. They attend regular services there, besides wandering in at will, when wishing for solitude and quiet.

Singing lessons are provided for the patients at Gheel. Any special gift or taste develops itself in this kindly atmosphere, where instead of living a life of isolation, these poor creatures bask in the sunshine of sympathy.

Friendships are often formed between the insane and their guardians which exist after the cure of the former. The entente cordiale which commonly exists between a family and the inmate occasionally reverses the order of things strangely. Take the case of a poor German weaver, who lost his reason in consequence of anxiety on the score of poverty. He was boarded with an artisan at Gheel, who devoted himself to calming and restoring the troubled mind of his guest. Before this work was accomplished, however, the artisan died, leaving his widow and four children almost destitute. The German weaver observed with feelings of the deepest sympathy the sorrow of those by whom he was surrounded. He seemed at once to realize the position of affairs. Calmly and seriously he accepted the responsibility which he considered was imposed on him by gratitude. He employed his returning health of body and mind in working for the family of his kind host. He has constituted himself sole bread-winner for the widow and orphans. He gives a good education to the latter, and a more touching sight can scarcely be imagined than the picturesque old German, now sixty-eight years old, accompanying to church on Sundays the adopted children, who regard him as a father.

A strict and enlightened supervision is maintained not only by physicians established at Gheel, but by a committee of local officers who preside over the administration of the colony. This social life is, moreover, too open for any abuse to escape comment. It is extremely rare that any accident has occurred in consequence of the liberty allowed to the insane. Among the cases classed as curable from 60 to 65 per cent. have been cured, and a marked improvement is observed in the general condition of all the patients under these conditions of personal liberty, gentle treatment, and the play of the social affections.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Ole Bull generally spends his summers at Valestrand, a quiet and secluded spot, situated in a charming valley in Norway, about eighteen miles from Bergen. In the autumn he commences his professional tours. He has several brothers residing in Bergen, and many relatives. His wife died in 1860. He has one son and two daughters now living; the son, Alexander, is at present in America. The Norwegians are noted for being somewhat superstitious, and his housekeeper asserts that after he has gone away the tones of his violin are distinctly heard in the music-room. Neighbors also report that they have heard the organ in the music-room played by mysterious hands long after the inmates of the villa had retired.

The pedestrian, Weston, is convinced that walking upon a circular track is against nature—unnatural to either man or horse. In his own case he has found that it produced dizziness and nausea, and an inability to eat needful substantial food; whereas, he says, that when walking on the highway he has always eaten heartily, and has never been troubled with any uncomfortable feelings in head or stomach. Mr. Weston will attempt, on or about the 5th of October, to walk 100 accurately-measured miles on the roads in Westchester County in less than 23 hours.

An exchange remarks that the pulse of young ladies generally beats stronger in the palm of the hand than at the wrist. This curious fact in palpitating physiology should be observed by all young men of an investigating turn.

An English meteorologist has proved to the Astronomical Society that the heat reflected from the surface of the moon affects our atmosphere. Many persons have noticed that the sky is usually clear about the time of full moon. The explanation of Mr. Harrison—the above-mentioned meteorologist—is that the reflected heat, being entirely absorbed by our atmospheric vapor, raises the temperature of the air above the clouds, which then evaporate more freely, and renders the atmosphere clearer.

At a recent public dinner, given in connection with the cattle show at Dedham, Massachusetts, the orator, after alluding pleasantly to the claims now put forth by the "women's rights" people, and expressing his satisfaction with woman as she is, gave the following toast: "*The Coming Woman*—may it be a long time before she arrives!"

It is rumored that a company is being organized in this city for the purpose of introducing velocipedes in opposition to the city railroad cars. In the new arrangement probably nobody will be expected to stand up or to hang on by a strap, which will be an improvement. By-the-way, since the cars are *not* private carriages, why do people behave in them as if they were? We do not refer to *gentlemen* exclusively, nor to *ladies* either, but to car-riders in general. A discreditably large number of persons seat themselves *ad libitum* in the cars, and retain their position, spread out to their fullest size, in delightful unconsciousness of the wants or feelings of any newcomers. Not unfrequently, when a seat is really not two-thirds full and some one enters the car and glances inquiringly around, those seated remain spread out, either quite oblivious to sublunary affairs, or obtusely staring at the standing person as if he or she belonged to another race of beings. The idea of civilly moving to the one side or the other and making room for the last comer to sit, seems never to enter their heads. We are not speaking of times when the seats of the car are really full—then all can consult their own pleasure, gallantry, or benevolence, in regard to resigning their seats; but for the credit of our city, for the sake of common civility, let all who ride in public conveyances indicate that they live in a civilized community, and have had some measure of good-breeding. If seeds of politeness are scattered in public places, in time they will bear fruit.

The Hot Springs in Arkansas are fifty-four in number, having a mean temperature of 134° Fahrenheit. They range, respectively, from 93° to 150° Fahrenheit, and totally discharge 317 gallons of water every minute. On the western slope of Hot Spring Mountain—a margin of the Ozark group—at an elevation of about 360 feet above the level of the sea, these natural thermal fountains issue. The village and valley, respectively, bear the name of Hot Springs, and present, in location, an attractive and romantic appearance. Rheumatic affections and skin diseases are said to be relieved by these baths.

Scene at the —— Hotel, Long Branch. Place, dining-room. Waiter brings coffee, with the hot milk in a common cup. Gentleman hesitates how to pour it without burning his fingers. "John, why do you bring hot milk in this cup instead of in a pitcher?" "Pitchers all packed up, Sir." As nothing can be done in that case gentleman manages as well as he can. "The salt, John," which is brought. "And a salt-spoon." "No salt-spoons, Sir—all packed up!" "Then whittle down a tea-spoon, and bring it!" At which sally the waiter grins broadly. Presently the gentleman desires some fine sugar for his melon, which, after some delay, is brought in a wine-glass! Gentleman eyes it dubiously. "Sugar-bowls packed, John?" "Yes, Sir," with another broad smile. Examination proves the sugar to be from the *very* bottom of the packed-up bowl, and—well, not "*first-class*." "John," says he, cheerfully, "I wish you would just step down to H——'s Hotel, and *borrow* a little clean sugar for me!" John laughs audibly, bustles about, and finds another sugar-bowl—*i. e.* wine-glass—full. But the season is a *little* too far past—and the gentleman takes the next train home.

According to current report, the proprietor of the Ocean House, Newport, made $20,000 clear in about two months. Very good business!

That curiosity, called the Resurrection Plant, is a native of the southern part of Mexico. These plants during the rainy season flourish luxuriantly; but when the dry weather and hot sun scorch the earth, they, too, dry and curl up, and blow about at the mercy of the wind. To all appearance they are dead; but as soon as the rain comes again, the roots suck up the water, the leaves unfold and assume a beautiful emerald-green appearance. No matter where the plant may be it only asks for water, and at once bursts into new life. Having purchased one of these tufts, and placed it in a plate filled with water, it will gradually unfold and take on a deep green. The Resurrection Plant may be seen almost any day on Broadway, where it is offered for sale.

A remarkable cave has recently been discovered in Salisbury, Connecticut. The entrance consists of a narrow winding passage about three feet wide, two feet high, and fifteen feet in length, descending into a chamber fifteen feet high, hung with beautiful stalactites. Beyond this chamber there is an apartment about twenty feet in length, terminating in a large room where stalagmites warn one to tread carefully, and stalactites sparkle and reflect the light. In another room a large stalactite reaches from the roof to the floor and forms one vast pillar, resembling a sheet of water frozen. About four feet from the floor this pillar spreads out in all directions like an inverted cone, and as one continues looking at it, it appears to be flowing like water. There are many other rooms, the most curious of which is shaped like a dome. In the centre of the dome a large circular opening extends to a room above, while the sides of this opening are literally covered with stalactites which descend several feet below the aperture, and assume an endless variety of shapes—some tapering to a point like icicles, while others are shaped like leaves, and others are carved in the most exquisite manner.

Boston is a very wonderful city; but can it be that they have in Boston a machine in which, if you put a lamb, there will be found at the end of an hour ladies' gloves, books, broiled cutlets, stewed kidneys, and lamb's pettitoes?

A late London journal, in connection with many other curious statistics in regard to the traffic in artificial hair, states that a considerable trade exists in false beards, mustaches, and whiskers. During the American war a vast number of these were sent from Europe to the United States, and a steady demand continued until the peace. The fact is curious, that the demand lasted as long as the war, and gradually dropped off at its close. The most expensive hair is pure white. As this is rarely to be found of any considerable length, a chemist has been trying various methods of extracting the color from the hair. He has produced a mottled gray, but the true white is yet to be discovered.

It is announced that a Russian mantua-maker of great renown, long attached to the household of her Imperial Majesty the Czarina, is coming to this city to make a fortune. She will introduce the Siberian Curve as a substitute for the Grecian Bend. Her styles of dress will be adapted to this vertebral peculiarity.

A gentleman, living in Exeter, New Hampshire, has a fig-tree, upon which there are about two hundred and twenty-five figs, some of which are ripe.

When the Queen of Madagascar died the people were commanded to *shave their heads*, not to wear hats, shirts, dresses, trowsers, or shoes, not to wash their clothes or their faces, not to lie on bedsteads, and to leave their shoulders uncovered. A few hours after these orders were given, some of the streets were literally strewn with human hair. A nation of bald heads and naked shoulders is a curious sight. The change in the personal appearance of the people was so great that one could scarcely recognize his most intimate friends until he heard their voices.

A couple of centuries ago it used to be the fashion for clergymen to write marginal notes to their sermons, to indicate what they might do in the pulpit besides preaching, and when it might be done. "Fall back in your seat," "Hem, hem," "Use your handkerchief," "Start up," "Shout," and "Cough here," are specimens of the physical relief ancient preachers allowed themselves—if certain old manuscript sermons may be regarded as authority.

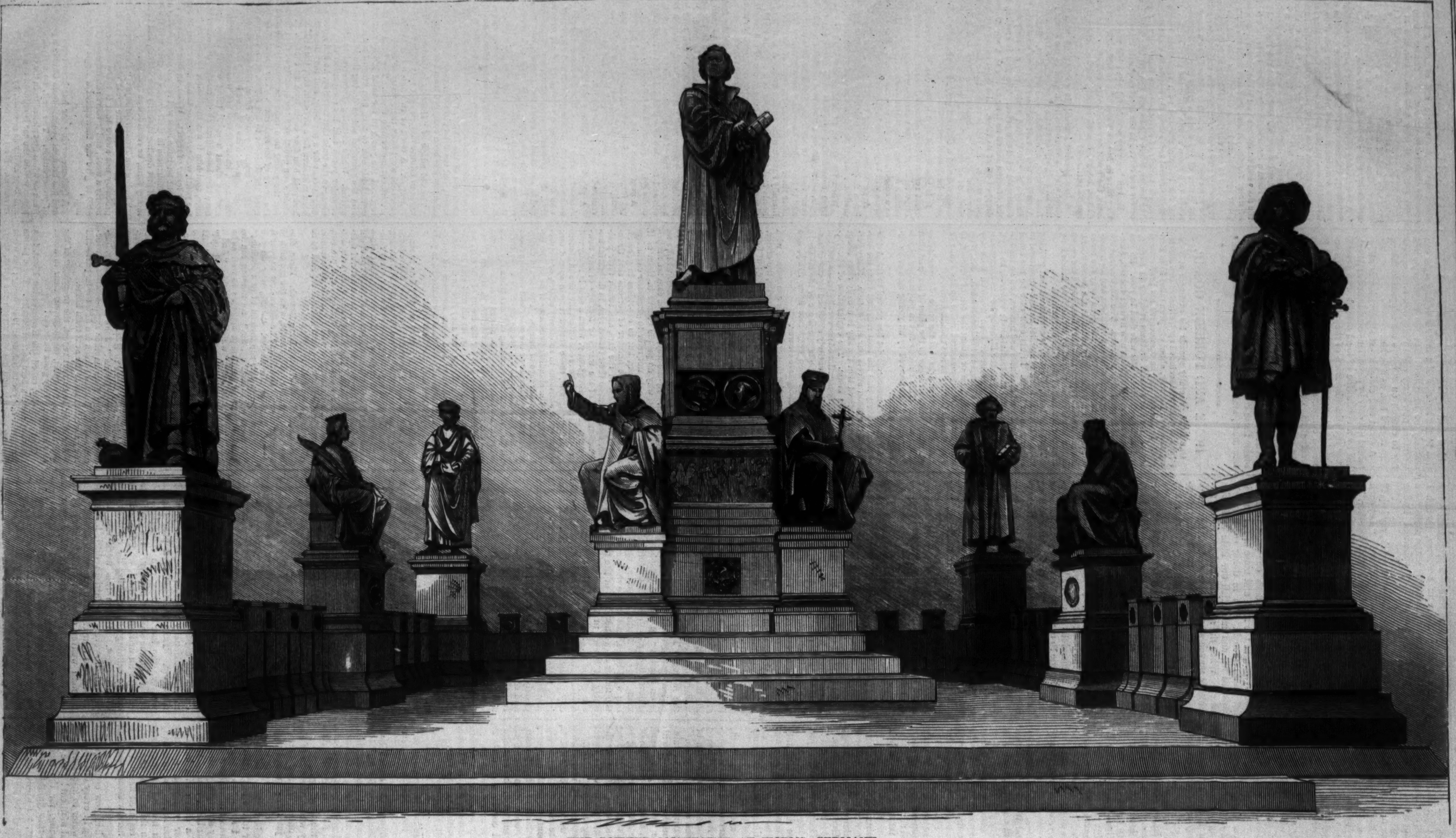
A gentleman living near Naples had a pretty little pet fox, which had become quite domesticated in the family. But one day Master Reynard, feeling more hungry than usual, jumped into the cradle and devoured the baby for his dinner.

A physician of Albany has communicated to the *Journal of Psychological Medicine* some singular statements respecting a little girl four and a half years old, who uses in talking a vocabulary of her own invention. She is intelligent, sprightly, and in good health, and is the child of cultivated parents, who use only the English language. This little girl, though she readily understands what others say, never employs the words used by them, although great efforts have been made to induce her to do so. She has a little brother a year and a half younger than herself, who has adopted her language, and they chatter with each other rapidly and fluently. The boy, when with other members of the family, will sometimes use a proper word; but the little girl never does, and a curious vocabulary has been compiled from her language.

The old adage of "Honesty is the best policy" extends to minute matters—for very little things reveal character. A week or two ago a boy about sixteen years old went from the country to Boston to enter a prominent mercantile house. The head of the firm received the youth in the most kindly manner, and caused his son to take him around town and show him the principal places during the afternoon of his arrival. While amusing themselves in this way the stranger youth told his companion that, in coming along in the train that morning, he had given a boy a bright cent for a pond-lily, and that the coin having been mistaken for a five-cent one, the vendor of lilies had paid him four cents back as change. The merchant's son questioned the honesty of the transaction, but the young man from the country defended it on the score of its smartness. The merchant's boy related the incident to his father, who, on conversing with the country youth, found that he was inclined to pride himself on the act, and boldly defended it. The merchant, knowing that one who exhibited dishonest notions about a small thing would most probably have very loose ideas about matters of greater importance, told him it was impossible to employ him, and the youth was sent home to his father with an explanatory letter of regret. When, in like manner, all our eminent business men will regard pure honesty above mere smartness in their employés, then will the standard of just dealing speedily rise higher, and cheating, in any form, be regarded as ignoble.

The Boston *Transcript* says: "Persons who are annoyed by dust upon the great organ at the Hall are probably not aware that it takes six or seven men nearly a week, and involves an expense of upward of $100 to give the instrument a single thorough dusting."

A fruit-preserving car has been recently patented, and has brought peaches from Ohio in a perfect state of preservation. The fruit, on arrival, appeared as fresh as when first picked from the trees. The atmosphere within the car is reduced to a low temperature, and kept as dry as possible, by means of various contrivances. Meat may be thus transported in a perfectly fresh condition. The cars are more expensive than the ordinary kind.



THE LUTHER MONUMENT AT WORMS, GERMANY.

THE LUTHER MONUMENT.

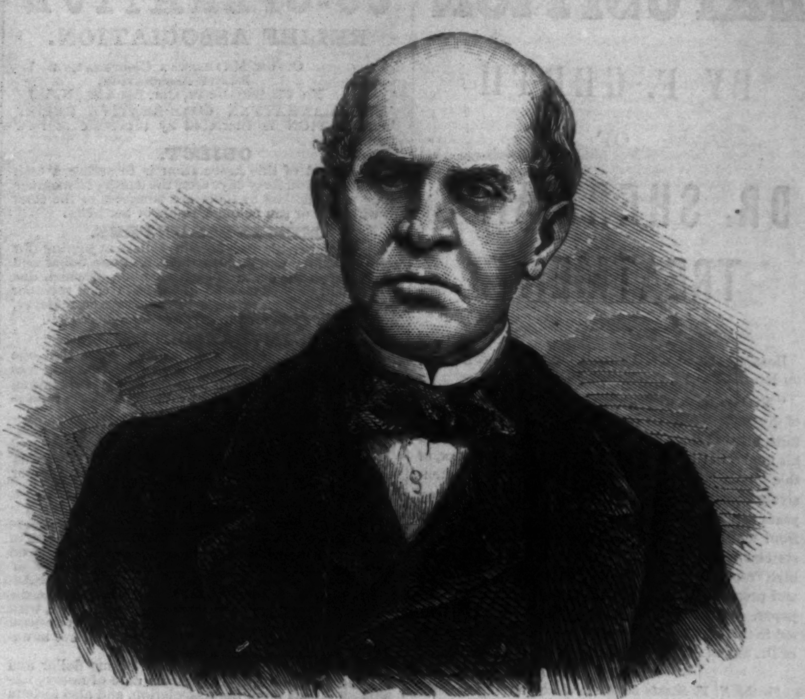
We illustrated some weeks since the imposing ceremonies of the dedication of the grand **Luther Monument** at Worms; we give in this issue an engraving of the monument itself. It is erected in the city where, in 1521, **Luther**, for conscience sake, defied the united power of the Romish Church and the powerful Emperor of Catholic Germany. The defiance was uttered in the presence of the Emperor, the Archduke **Ferdinand**, six sovereign electors, twenty-four sovereign dukes, seven margraves, thirty archbishops and bishops, and a host of princes, counts, barons, and embassadors. The monument was inaugurated in the presence of the King of Prussia, who is Emperor of Protestant Germany in all but the name, the Crown-Prince of Prussia, the King of Wirtemberg, the Grand Duke of Hesse-Darmstadt, the Grand Duke of Weimar, and Prince **William** of Baden, while England's Queen sent assurances of hearty sympathy with the object.

In size and variety of design the monument has no equal. It is not a statue, but a combination of eleven statues grouped around, and surmounted by the gigantic figure of **Luther**. Ascending a few steps, we stand on a granite base forty feet square, inclosed on the three other sides by a battlemented balustrade. In its centre **Luther** stands pre-eminent. Seated on the four pillars projecting from the corners of **Luther**'s pedestal we see grouped about the master his four precursors who attempted what he accomplished. To this noble array the English, French, Italian, and Bohemian nations have each furnished a member—**John Wickliffe**, **Peter Waldo**, **Savonarola**, and **John Huss**. Then, turning to the circumference, we notice seven more statues distributed around. Occupying the four corners of the balustrade, and separated from the centre group by the inner space, are the venerable figures of two regal and two clerical allies of the hero of the German Reformation. **Frederick the Wise**, Elector of Saxony, and **Philip the Generous**, Landgrave of Hesse, impersonating power and prudence, watch the front; **Philip Melanchthon** and **John Reuchlin**, with their solid erudition, are in the rear. With these nine great men are associated the symbolical statues of three cities, celebrated in the history of the time—Augsburg, Madgeburg, and Spires, three majestic women, occupy the centre of each side of the balustrade. Seated, and looking up to

Luther, they are a relief to the four corner statues, which are standing, and have their faces turned in the same direction as the central figure. To do justice to the many places which have likewise deserved well of the cause of religious liberty, the battlements of the inclosure are on the inner side decorated with the escutcheons of twenty-four other German cities; these are Brunswick, Bremen, Constance, Eisenach, Eisleben, Emden, Erfurt, Frankfort, Halle, Hamburg, Heilbronn, Jena, Königsberg, Leipsic, Lindau, Lubeck, Marburg, Memlingen, Nordlingen, Riga, Schmalkald, Strasburg, Wittenberg, and Worms.

In suggestive detail the pedestal is in keeping with the general design. A square of cast bronze, placed on the stone pillar, supports a similar slab of less dimensions, decorated with inscriptions and reliefs. On its front, a fitting motto of the monument, appear the closing words of Luther's celebrated speech in the Worms Diet: "Here I stand. I can not speak or act otherwise. So help me God. Amen." Under the legend are the medallions of John the Constant and his son John Frederick of Saxony, who so stedfastly stood by Luther in his troubles. On the opposite side is engraved a passage from another speech of the fiery Reformer: "The Gospel which the Lord put into the mouth of the Apostles is His sword. With it he strikes the world as with a thunder-bolt." Underneath are the portraits of Ulrich von Hutten and Franz von Sickingen, the two noble knights who brought the chivalrous spirit of their class to the defense of truth and its less warlike champions. To the right of Luther we read the following sentence from his correspondence: "Faith is life in God, but it is only through the Spirit of Christ that we can hope to understand Holy Writ." Portraits of John Buggenhagen, the Pomeranian reformer, and Justus Jonas, the intimate friend of Luther, into whose ear, a moment before his death, he poured the confession of his unshaken faith, are inserted on the same side. Finally, on the left we read: "Those that rightly understand Christ will not be moved by what man may enjoin. They are free, not in the flesh, but in the spirit." John Calvin and Ulrich Zwingli, the founders of the Reformed Church in Switzerland, are aptly placed under this motto, their deviations from Luther proceeding from their partiality to the spirit rather than to the letter of the Bible. The lower slab contains scenes from Luther's life in alto-relievo. Here we have him making his speech in the Worms Parliament, nailing his theses to the door of Wittenberg Cathedral, marrying his Catharine, and translating the Bible in the sequestered castle of Wartburg. For character and finish these smaller castings are greatly praised.

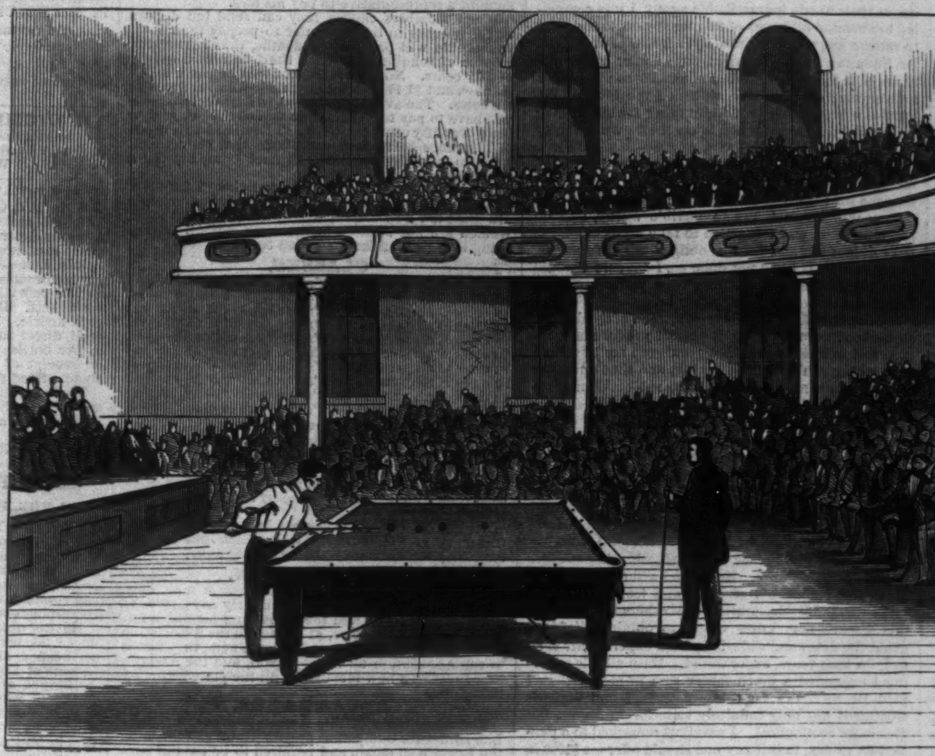
Upon this pedestal stands the colossal statue of Martin Luther. It is the stout, sturdy shape familiar to us from so many engraved portraits; the dear old well-known form, with its honest features, and calm, imperturbable eye, as painted by Cranach. With face turned upward, he rests his clenched fist on the closed Bible, as if uttering that verse of his beautiful chorale—"Das Wort sie sollen lassen stehn." From an artistic point of view it might, perhaps, have been better to give his head a more inclined position. In a statue 10½ feet in height, on a pedestal of 16 feet, a face lifted up to heaven can not be well seen from below. A better view is obtained from the side than from the front. The five statues in the centre, indeed, are generally thought to constitute a splendid *ensemble;* but the seven others, placed much beneath Luther, and divided from him by nearly 30 feet, are criticised as having the appearance of separate monuments. The circumstance also that the twelve statues are of four different sizes scarcely allows to the monument that air of composed symmetry indispensable in every composite work of art. Luther is 10½ feet high; the figures at his feet, 7 feet; the corner statues of the balustrade, 8½ feet; and those of the towns, 6 feet. But with all these mistakes in reference to the artistic unity of the design the unity of moral interest is perfect. The Luther Monument is one of the noblest memorials of one of the greatest events in the history of mankind. It belongs not to Germany alone, but to Europe and the whole world.



DOMINGO F. SARMIENTO, PRESIDENT OF THE ARGENTINE CONFEDERATION.

PRESIDENT SARMIENTO.

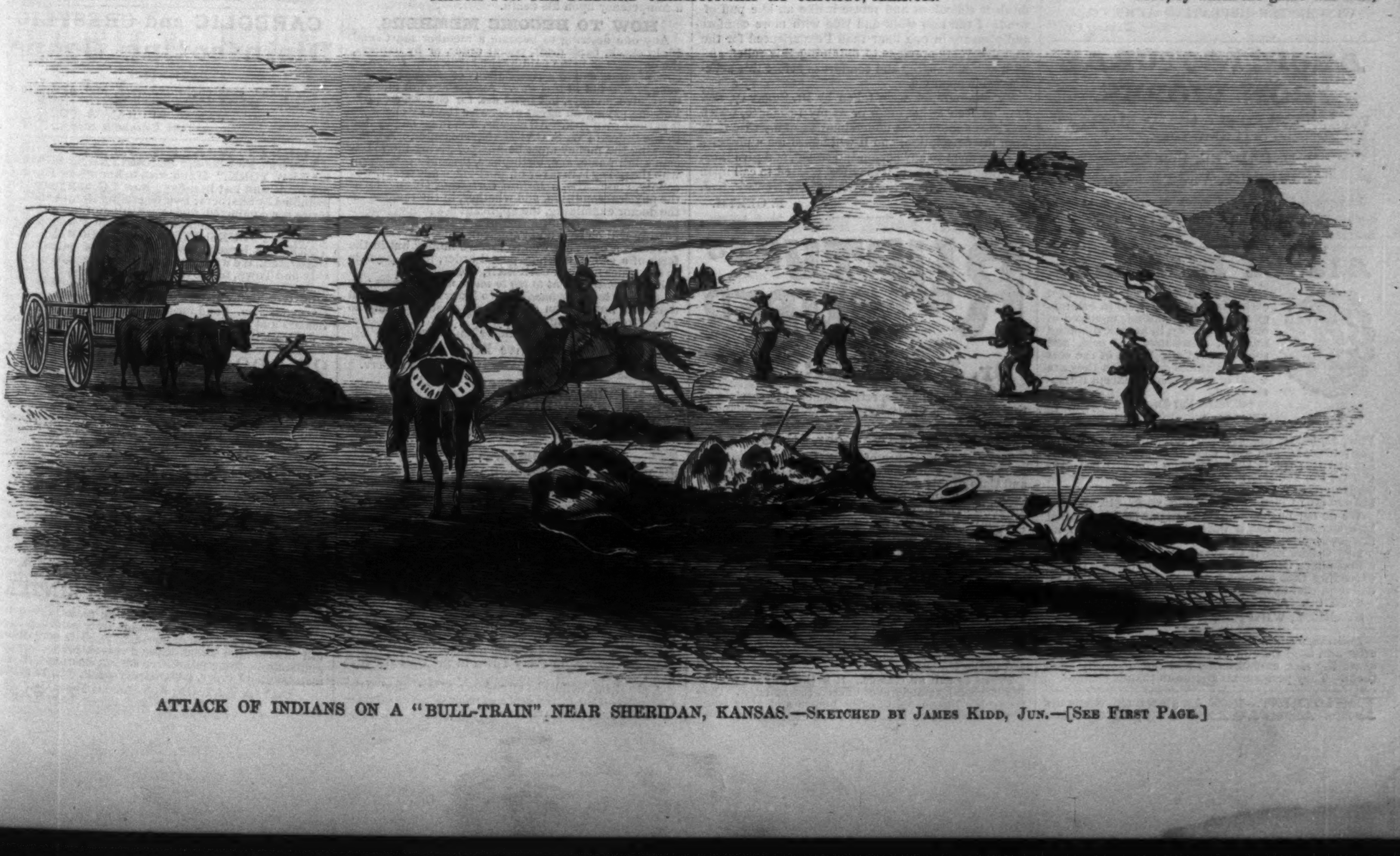
We give on this page a portrait of Don Domingo Faustino Sarmiento, the newly-elected President of the Argentine Confederation. He was born in San Juan in 1811, and has been in public life since his earliest manhood. He first distinguished himself in his opposition to the Dictator Rosas, and in consequence of the failure of his party, he was exiled to Chili. Returning to his country in 1836 he founded a school for young ladies, and edited a journal, *La Yonda*, which, eschewing politics, advocated the interests of agriculture, commerce, and education. But the fact that he did not trouble himself with politics gave him no respite; the Dictator was fearful of the effects of the education of his subjects, and he was a second time exiled to Chili. He entered the service of Chili, and was sent to Europe on a special mission connected with educational matters. In 1851 he returned to Buenos Ayres, and in the command of a regiment he was engaged in the battle of Monte-Caseros, which decided the fate of Rosas and established the Argentine Confederation. He assisted in framing the Constitution of 1853, and under the first President, Jose Urquiza, was Minister of Instruction. Subsequently, under President Derqui, he was Minister of the Interior, and later still, Governor of San Juan, his native province. In 1862 he was Minister to the United States. He was recalled in 1865, and appointed Governor of Buenos Ayres. He was elected President in August last by a large popular vote, on a singular platform. It had but one plank: "The ignorance of the people is the crime of bad governments."



MATCH FOR THE BILLIARD CHAMPIONSHIP AT CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

THE BILLIARD CHAMPIONSHIP.

A very extraordinary game of billiards was played at Chicago, Illinois, on September 16, between John M'Devitt and Joseph Dion, for the "championship of America." We illustrate the scene of the game in Library Hall. The game was played on a four-pocket table, 1500 points up in nine innings. Dion made 409, M'Devitt made the full number of the game in one hour and forty minutes. The "run" of 1460, by which the game was won,



ATTACK OF INDIANS ON A "BULL-TRAIN" NEAR SHERIDAN, KANSAS.—Sketched by James Kidd, Jun.—[See First Page.]

is the largest upon record. The largest hitherto made in a match game had been a little over 800, made with jawed balls. Any thing over 400 was altogether unexpected. Yet there were those who, well acquainted with M'DEVITT's practice games, were heard to say he would run the game out. Throughout the run, which occupied an hour and five minutes, the player was thoroughly cool. Once or twice, as he stopped for a moment to take a drink of water, he wiped his face and remarked: "By George, this is hard work!" By the terms under which the champion cue was offered, and won by M'DEVITT in 1867, he has to hold it for two years against all comers in order to finally become the possessor of it. The sketch of the scene is from the pencil of our artist, Mr. FRANK D. SKIFF.

BURNETT'S FLORIMEL, also BURNETT'S COLOGNE-WATER (three sizes).—There is a freshness in these delightful perfumes found in no others. New York Branch, 592 Broadway (Metropolitan Hotel Building). For sale by druggists and fancy-goods dealers in the principal cities of the United States.

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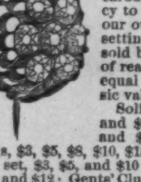

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Solitaire Ear-Drops, per pair, $5 and $6; Solitaire Finger Rings, $6 and $10; Solitaire Gents' Bosom Pins, $3, $5, $8, $10, $15, $20; Solitaire Gents' Studs, per set, $3, $5, and $10; Cluster Gents' Bosom Pins, $10 and $12; Gents' Cluster Bosom Pin, with tail, $10; Cluster Pin and Earrings, $10 and $25; Cluster Cross, $6, $10, and $15; Cluster Cross Bosom Pin and Earrings, $20 and $25; Cluster Finger Rings, $5, $8, $10, and $12.

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☞ Orders less than $5 must be accompanied with a Post-Office Order, and the goods sent free. Orders exceeding that amount by express, for collection on delivery, customers paying all express charges.

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EMPLOYMENT.—15,000 Agents wanted. Circulars free. Address J. C. RAND & CO., Biddeford, Me.

EXPOSITION
BY F. GERTH
OF
DR. SHERMAN'S TREATMENT.

Here are the editorial remarks in the *Staats Zeitung* on Mr. F. GERTH and his statement:

"Mr. GERTH, a wealthy and respectable gentleman of Newark, N. J., sends us a communication setting forth his sufferings from a terrible case of rupture, and his final relief and restoration by Dr. J. A. SHERMAN, of this city. Mr. GERTH is an enterprising man, extensively known throughout the country, having for many years carried on a large brewery business in Newark, from which he has retired with a large fortune. A statement of this kind, coming to us clothed with such high respectability, leaves no doubt of its correctness, and prompts us to publish it in another part of this paper. We recommend our readers who may be troubled in this way to lose no time in securing the services of Dr. SHERMAN."

NEWARK, Sept. 19.

To the N. Y. Staats Zeitung: After having suffered many years from a bad rupture, and exhausting all my patience and large amounts of money on many doctors of this city, New York, and Brooklyn, and suffering at their hands indescribable agony, I was compelled to abandon all hopes of finding any one competent to relieve me, when, fortunately, a friend of mine took Dr. SHERMAN's advertisement out of your paper and inclosed it to me by letter. I showed it to my friends and several doctors, who ridiculed the idea of Dr. SHERMAN being able to do any thing for me, basing their conclusions, no doubt, upon their own inability to assist me.

The last doctor I applied to in Brooklyn harnessed me up with a machine like the claws of a lobster, and sent me off with instructions not to remove it. But on my way home I was in terrible agony, and on reaching there was compelled to take my bed, and, as the torment increased, I was obliged, with assistance, to cut it off. If I had not done so, I am sure I would have been killed in less than twenty-four hours, as inflammation was rapidly setting in.

Indeed, till I found Dr. SHERMAN, none of the doctors seemed to have the ability to perfectly reduce my rupture, and in most instances discouraged me by telling me nothing could be done for me, and thus one after the other gave me up as a hopeless subject doomed to incessant suffering.

But thank Heaven for the thoughtfulness of my friend and for my persistent faith in encouraging me to call on Dr. SHERMAN, contrary to the advice of many of those physicians who had given me up. My joy is too great for me to express, for I feel like a man emerging from purgatory to Heaven since I placed myself in the hands of this gentleman (whom I am compelled to declare the doctor of doctors), who has fulfilled all his promises, while all the other doctors fulfilled none of theirs. Hence you will see why I thus highly appreciate his services, and feel it a duty to make this public declaration, that others affected with this disease may know where to obtain relief and avoid the delay and sufferings from experiments such as I, for long years, experienced. With all this suffering I expended a much larger sum of money than I paid Dr. SHERMAN for this great relief, and find his treatment not only infinitely superior to others, but also more economical. I have just remarked to a gentleman to-day, that if any one should offer me $1000 *in gold* to discontinue Dr. SHERMAN's method, I would think it ridiculous and refuse it like an idle puff of wind. I can now walk and ride with more comfort and pleasure in one hour than I experienced for the past five years previous to obtaining this relief, and with as much facility and comfort as before this affliction came upon me.

My photographs were taken by Dr. SHERMAN, and may be seen at his office or at my residence, which will give a more clear understanding of my case than even my description, and it will afford me a pleasure to show them to any person interested, and give them all other information, if they feel pleased to call upon me at my residence, No. 55 Market St., Newark, N. J.

F. GERTH.

RUPTURES CURED

Dr. J. A. SHERMAN,

Artistic Surgeon, respectfully offers his services in the application of his Rupture Curative Appliances, at his office.

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The great experience of DR. SHERMAN, resulting from his long and constant devotion to the Treatment and Cure of this disease, assures him of his ability to relieve all, without regard to the age of the patient, or duration of the infirmity, or the difficulties which they may have heretofore encountered in seeking relief. Dr. S., as Principal of the Rupture Curative Institute, New Orleans, for a period of more than fifteen years, had under his care the worst cases in the country, all of which were effectually relieved, and many, to their great joy, restored to a sound body.

None of the pains and injuries resulting from the use of other Trusses are found in Dr. Sherman's Appliances; and, with a full knowledge of the assertion, he promises greater security and comfort, with a daily improvement in the disease, than can be obtained of any other person, or the inventions of any other person in the United States.

Prices to suit all classes. It is the only, as well as the cheapest, remedy ever offered the afflicted. Photographic likenesses of cases before and after treatment furnished on receipt of two 3 cent stamps.

MANHATTAN CO-OPERATIVE RELIEF ASSOCIATION.

OFFICE MANHATTAN CO-OPERATIVE RELIEF ASSOCIATION,
No. 658 BROADWAY, Cor. Bond St., N. Y.

THE MANHATTAN CO-OPERATIVE RELIEF ASSOCIATION is chartered by the State of New York.

OBJECT.

The object of this Association is to secure a cash payment within forty days after the death of a member of as many dollars as there are members in the class to which he or she belongs, to his or her heirs.

MEMBERSHIP FEES.

The membership fees are six dollars at joining (for which a policy will be furnished), and one dollar and ten cents on the death of each member, of which due notice will be given. One dollar from each member goes to the widow or heirs of the deceased member, and the ten cents for the expenses of collecting.

INVESTMENTS.

The By-Laws of the Association require that one third of the money received as new membership fees shall be made a sinking fund to meet payments falling due by the delinquencies of members. This fund is held by the

NATIONAL TRUST CO.,

and will be invested in United States Bonds, or real estate, or bond and mortgage upon New York City property, which property shall be double the value of the money so loaned.

THE FUNDS.

The remaining two thirds, after paying the expenses of the Association, shall be invested in real estate in the City of New York, or in bond and mortgage on property in the City of New York, the interest of which shall go to pay the current expenses of the Association. If a deceased member leaves no heirs, the money becomes the property of the Association, with the proviso that the expenses of burial shall be paid out of such funds—said expenses, however, not to exceed one hundred dollars.

A member failing to pay his fee of one dollar and ten cents within thirty days from date of notice, forfeits all claims upon the Association, and also forfeits all money previously paid. In the Pacific States this time is extended to sixty days. A member having no permanent residence must notify the Secretary, and appoint a representative to pay his fees.

When members choose they can send ten dollars and fifty cents to the Treasurer to prepay their fees, which sum will pay for ten deaths, thus saving the trouble of sending $1 10 each time, besides a saving of fifty cents. No man is so poor that he can not pay $6 now, and $1 10 occasionally, thus securing $5000 to his heirs. The average number of dollars each person will have to pay to secure $5000 will be $30 per year, a little over fifty cents per week. This makes this mode of insurance cost about one sixth what they would have to pay any regular Insurance Company for a $5000 policy.

This company is divided into ten classes for men, and ten classes for women. As soon as these classes are filled ten new classes will be adopted. Men and women are not allowed in the same classes. Every thing is done to make each class equal.

CLASSES.

In class A all persons betw'n the ages of 15 and 20 yrs.
In class B all persons betw'n the ages of 20 and 25 yrs.
In class C all persons betw'n the ages of 25 and 30 yrs.
In class D all persons betw'n the ages of 30 and 35 yrs.
In class E all persons betw'n the ages of 35 and 40 yrs.
In class F all persons betw'n the ages of 40 and 45 yrs.
In class G all persons betw'n the ages of 45 and 50 yrs.
In class H all persons betw'n the ages of 50 and 55 yrs.
In class I all persons betw'n the ages of 55 and 60 yrs.
In class K all persons betw'n the ages of 60 and 65 yrs.

The classes for women are the same as above. Any one that is found to give his or her age wrong will be expelled, and the moneys paid forfeited to the Association. Each class is limited to 5000 members. Each person pays $6 upon becoming a member, and $1 10 each time a member dies *belonging to the same class he or she may be a member of.*

A member of one class can not be assessed this dollar if a member of another class dies. Each class is INDEPENDENT, *having no connection with any other.*

ILLUSTRATION.

Class "A" has 5000 male members. A man dies. The Association pays over, within forty days, $5000 to the widow or heirs, and the remaining members forward, within thirty days, $1 10 each to the Association to reimburse it. Failing to send this sum, they forfeit to the Association all moneys paid, and the Association supplies a new member to fill the place of the retiring one.

ADVANTAGES.

The advantages of this Association over ordinary Life Insurance Companies are, no panics can break it; the fees are so small, and required to be paid at such long intervals, that any man can secure to his family a competency upon his death.

HOW TO BECOME MEMBERS.

Any one desiring to become a member must send $6, in check, bank draft, postal order, or by express, the expressage being paid by the applicant. *Under no circumstance will the Association be responsible for moneys sent but in this way.* Agents are not allowed to receive moneys, but must ask for checks, &c., &c. Persons paying an agent otherwise than by check do it at their own risk. All checks, &c., must be payable to the order of W. S. CARMAN, Treasurer. Accompanying the money must be a paper giving the applicant's full name, age, birth-place, present occupation, who the policy is in favor of, post-office address, town, county, state—*also, a Medical Certificate,* setting forth the physical condition, and whether, in the opinion of the doctor examining, the applicant is a proper person to be insured. Blank forms of application for membership will be sent upon application.

Agents are not allowed to receive money but in the form of a check, draft, or postal order, made payable to the order of W. S. CARMAN, Treasurer.

Each member ought to try to make new members; by so doing he benefits himself. No letter will be noticed that does not contain a three-cent postage stamp to prepay return postage.

All communications should be addressed

Manhattan Co-operative Relief Association,
No. 658 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY.

Trustees:

E. McMURDY.
ELSON T. WRIGHT, President Star Metal Co.
W. S. CARMAN, President Stuyvesant Bank.
H. W. FORD, the Cashier, Bank of the Republic.
L. W. MURRAY.

Officers:

E. McMURDY, President.
ELSON T. WRIGHT, Vice-President.
W. S. CARMAN, Treasurer.
LEWIS SANDERS, Secretary.
JOHN A. ROBINSON, M.D., } Examining
ALEX. R. GRAY, M.D., } Physicians.

Messrs. Latham, Emery, & Co., 72 Cedar Street, New York City, General Agents for New York, Pennsylvania, Maryland, and District of Columbia.

N. B.—Parties paying agents in money do so at their own risk. The Association will not be responsible for money so paid.

A General Agent wanted for each State and Territory. General Agents will be required to give the best of references, and $50,000 bonds.

Agents wanted in every Town in the United States and Canadas.

A physician will be in attendance at the office of the Company—also at the office of each General Agent—to examine applicants.

New Autumn Goods
FOR GENTLEMEN.
ROMAN SCARFS AND TIES,
HOSIERY AND GLOVES,
AT POPULAR PRICES.
UNION ADAMS,
No. 637 Broadway.

Note these Facts.

The object of this article is to call the attention of the feeble and ailing to *themselves.* Ordinarily, business, pleasure—in short, almost every thing in this sublunary world obtains more consideration than the preservation of that blessing with which nothing earthly should be put in comparison—viz., *health.* This is a dangerous season, and it does not find the human system in the best condition to defy its perils. To use a homely phrase, the torrid summer weather "takes the starch out of people," and leaves them limp and languid. The fires of vitality burn low. The naturally feeble are unusually depressed; the naturally strong are not as vigorous as they might be. Seven-eighths of the community feel more or less the influence of the atmospheric changes which produce the malarious diseases common in October and November. It is as a protective against the effects of these changes that

HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS

have obtained no small portion of their celebrity. The GREAT VEGETABLE TONIC OF THE AGE is not only a specific for Chronic Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Biliousness, and Nervous Complaints, but also a preventive of malarious epidemics. Whoever wishes to be insured against an attack of intermittent or remittent fever (both of which prevail to a melancholy extent all over the country), will do well to resort, without delay, to this famous invigorating and anti-bilious specific. Quinine has had its day. It leaves a sting behind, and physicians are beginning to discard it. But HOSTETTER'S BITTERS become more popular and command a vaster sale with each successive season, *simply because they produce a better medicinal effect than any of the powerful poisons used as tonics,* and are at once a safe and palatable preparation.

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Trade supplied by DEMAS BARNES & CO., Wholesale Agents, New York City.

(Hand this advertisement to your Druggist.)

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Having obtained the assistance of able and experienced teachers, we are prepared to give our patrons all needed attention. Pupils admitted for private lessons at any time. Adult and juvenile classes will be formed at our rooms, for the Piano, Organ, and for Vocal Music, by the quarter or by the year.

Agents are wanted in all parts of the country to form classes in Mrs. Paige's New System of Instruction in Music. Liberal Terms offered.

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and sell them in quantities to suit customers

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Oolong (black), 70c., 80c., 90c.; best, $1 per lb.

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English Breakfast (black), 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10; best, $1 20 per lb.

Imperial (green), 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10; best, $1 25 per lb.

Young Hyson (green), 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10; best, $1 25 per lb.

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Gunpowder (green), $1 25; best, $1 50 per lb.

COFFEES ROASTED AND GROUND DAILY.

Ground Coffee, 20 cents, 25 cents, 30 cents, 35 cents; best, 40 cents per pound.

Hotels, saloons, boarding-house keepers, and Families who use large quantities of Coffee, can economize in that article by using our

French Breakfast and Dinner Coffee,

which we sell at the low price of 30 cents per pound, and warrant to give perfect satisfaction.

Roasted (unground), 30c., 35c.; best, 40c. per lb.

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Parties sending Club or other orders for less than Thirty Dollars had better send a Post-office Draft or Money with their orders, to save the expense of collections by express; but larger orders we will forward by express, to "collect on delivery."

Hereafter we will send a complimentary package to the party getting up the Club. Our profits are small, but we will be as liberal as we can afford. We send no complimentary packages for clubs of less than Thirty Dollars.

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We warrant all the goods we sell to give entire satisfaction. If they are not satisfactory they can be returned at our expense within 30 days, and have the money refunded.

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THE OROIDE WATCH FACTORY.

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☞ CAUTION. Since our Oroide Watches have attained so high a reputation, and the demand for them has greatly increased, many persons are offering common and worthless watches for sale, representing them to be Oroide Watches, in some instances stating that they are our Agents. We will state most positively that we employ no Agents, and that no one else does or *can* make Oroide; consequently these representations are false. The genuine Oroide Watches can only be obtained by ordering directly from us.

[From the City Item, Philadelphia.]

The Oroide Watches.—A new metal, closely resembling gold, has been invented, of which watch-cases and watch-chains are made. C. E. Collins & Co., New York, are the manufacturers, and their advertisement will be found in another column. The Oroide Watches are in great demand. From all quarters of the Union, daily, hourly, come orders for one, two, ten, twenty, fifty, and one hundred watches. They are sold for only $15 each, and better time-keepers are not to be found. One of them has been going for a week in this office, and it is perfect in its movements. It looks as handsome, and keeps as good time as a watch costing $150. We advise all who are about to buy a watch to try the Oroide.

[From the La Crosse Republican.]

Oroide Watches.—Out of curiosity, we called when in New York at the Watch Manufactory of Messrs. C. E. Collins & Co., on Nassau Street, and confess our astonishment on being shown their assortment of watches. The cases made of this metal so closely resemble eighteen carat gold that we were puzzled to select a gold one placed amongst them. We should have no hesitation wearing one with full confidence that time would not change its appearance. Every watch is warranted, and the works are perfectly reliable and in all respects equal to a watch costing $150. We have no doubt that when once known in this section, many will be sent for.

[From the Liberal Christian.]

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[From the New York Independent.]

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Citizens of Toronto and the Dominion generally, take notice. We have hundreds of Testimonials, for which, see our advertisements. But you need no further evidence than the following, from one who is well known among you. Here is his proof positive—

Harry Hazelton, the well-known author, says:

"I have always looked upon cheap watches as humbugs and dealers in them as little better than swindlers. At the request of a friend, I have worn for three months the watch he purchased of C. E. Collins, and for which he paid $15. It keeps accurate time, retains its perfect golden appearance, and I can really see no difference between it and my own, which cost five times the amount of the Collins Watch."

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"I have since purchased FIVE of these watches, at the request of friends, and those for whom they were intended are perfectly satisfied. Others are seeking for them, and I fancy that Mr. C. will find some difficulty in supplying the constantly-increasing demand."

☞ The regular price of the watch is $15, and others costing $20. These are superbly finished, and really superior to any article placed upon the market costing five times that sum.

Office State Capital Reporter, 42 and 44 J Street, Sacramento, Cal., July 15, 1868.

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Yours respectfully,
E. K. Phipps.

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ALUMINIUM BRONZE
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Make your orders as large as possible, and send your money by postal order or registered letter.

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Our goods are new, and sold at manufacturers' prices at $1 for each article. Descriptive checks $10 per hundred, or ten for $1. Agents wanted in every town. Circulars sent free. CUSHMAN & CO.,
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Depot, 6 Astor House; Factory, 68 Maiden Lane.

WE SELL FOR ONE DOLLAR

Gold and Silver Watches, Sewing Machines, Silk Dress Patterns, Carpetings, Domestic Goods, &c.

CIRCULARS SENT FREE,

giving full particulars, or ten checks sent for One Dollar, describing ten different articles which we will sell for ONE DOLLAR EACH.

Splendid inducements offered to Agents sending us Clubs. Address LABONTE & BABBITT,
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THE ONLY PERFECT CURE FOR PILES of all kinds, also *LEPROSY, SCROFULA, SALT-RHEUM*, and all Diseases of the Skin and Blood, is FOWLE'S PILE AND HUMOR CURE.

Internal and external use. Entirely vegetable. Used in the Hospitals of the Old and New World. In case of failure, I authorize all dealers to refund the money and charge it back to me. No failures for over ten years. Prepared by H. D. FOWLE, Chemist, Boston. $1 a bottle. Sold every where. *Send for Circulars free.*

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Plain and Ornamental Iron Work of all kinds for Buildings.

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